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1918

CRUISING IN THE MADIANA.

CRUISING IN THE MADIANA

THE RECORD OF A
WINTER TRIP TO THE TROPICS

BY

N. ALLEN LINDSEY

Privately Printed

300 copies only

BOSTON

N. A. LINDSEY & COMPANY

1901

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**TO ALL
ON BOARD THE MADIANA
IN HER
EVER-MEMORABLE
CRUISE
OF 1901.**

PREFACE.

The newspaper letters from which this little volume is expanded were written partly while traveling and partly in the rush of business since returning home. Naturally, therefore, their value is slight; yet a certain amount of interest usually attaches to notes of travel, no matter how hasty and superficial, and on that plea alone I venture to offer mine.

I made the book for my own amusement and because many of my fellow passengers thought it would be a good thing to do—not with an idea of profit, (and not to advertise the Quebec Steamship Company). The illustrations, except the frontispiece, which was reduced from a photograph by Mr. Arthur L. Williams, were made with a folding pocket kodak. The Bermuda picture was kindly furnished by Mr. Norman F. Pratt.

Nothing could gratify me more than to

confer a pleasure upon the friends with whom I sailed in the Madiana. If they shall appreciate and adopt this volume as a little thing of their own, I shall be more than glad. Surely a more friendly and considerate ship's company never came together. The reflection that in less than a month after our arrival at New York a gracious and kindly lady* was taken from our number, lends a touch of pathos to these few words of introduction.

Marblehead, Mass., June 1, 1901.

*Mrs. George B. Catlin, died April 10.

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GROUP ON THE HURRICANE DECK.
The Boarding of St. Anthony, October 2, 1901.

CRUISING IN THE MADIANA.

I

Outward Bound.

N Friday, February the eighth, 1901, the writer looked upon Boston Common, white with winter's snow. There had been three or four days of incessant northwest winds. Next day in New York I found it snowing hard ; and taking passage upon the steamship Madiana, of the Quebec Steamship Company, I went aboard at Pier 47, North River, under as gloomy a sky as ever looked down upon the Hudson. It was a day of murk and damp. The roofs were snowy, the decks were snowy, icicles were hanging from the big smoke

funnel, and the bustle and stir of preparation contrasted strangely with the general forlornness of the scenery.

When the first hoarse whistle was blown, and good-byes had been said by those who were staying behind to their friends about to sail, a long procession filed across the gang-plank from ship to shore, and the members of our company, thus sifted from the rest of the crowd, began to look about and discover one another. Clad in furs and mittens and heavy wraps there was little to indicate that they were traveling to a land

“Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers.”

Soon the *Madiana* got away, with its passengers, its pilot and its sailor men, and after several premonitory toots proceeded slowly and majestically down the river, gliding athwart the icy floor of the Hudson, over what looked to be a vast, flat plain of snow, miles and miles in

extent, with just a hint of something beneath like water where the steamer plowed through the ice-field and cracked it up. And such an unpleasant-looking fluid, leaden in color, and faintly tinged with green !

The big office buildings ashore loomed in the mist uncouth and formless. Noisy tugs passed by enveloped in their own steam. A few outward-bound steamers beside the Madiana were also snow-shoeing across the white prairie. One, the Kaffer Prince, bound for Italy, or some other mild climate, had a decided list to starboard. Its crew were busy shoveling snow from off the decks.

Thus we gradually drew away from the inner harbor, hearing betimes the querulous die-away siren whistle at Sandy Hook, far ahead of us in the grey murk. Coney Island with its deserted summer buildings stood out a moment in dull silhouette, then melted into the gloom.

At length we began to get occasional belts of open water flat as a mill-pond and black as a mountain tarn. Farther out it looked like what the sailors call dirty weather.

Seeking the upper hurricane deck, I found a warm spot in the lee of the funnel, the only place from which the snow had disappeared. No one came to share my solitude, except the officers on the bridge, and I had plenty of time to look about and contrast the scenery with that which memory presented of a fair June day when first I sailed out of this matchless harbor. There was more of difference than of similarity in the pictures, and yet as I mused there came the throb of the engines, the ship's bell telling the hours, the swash of water against the vessel's sides. And all the passion for travel woke anew!

We were soon at the Hook. The pilot dropped into a small boat alongside,

and waved us a smiling adieu. The hills of Navesink on the Jersey side sank astern. The Connecticut shore had already gone. Nothing but clear sea now, gloomy and leaden. Dull sea ; dull sky !

Evening came and with it a buzz of conversation in the brilliantly-lighted saloon. Nobody had been absent from either lunch or dinner, and everyone was hopeful and happy. There were about eighty passengers, and under the genial influences of the time acquaintance proceeded rapidly. The sea was as smooth as in mid-summer ; the ship as steady as a church. Outside the stars were shining and the wind was cold.

Sunday morning dawned, and what a difference ! Something had happened in the night. The ship was rolling heavily, and some of the passengers had failed to sleep. On deck we enjoyed a wondrous sight of great, black surges rising all around the ship and breaking tumul-

tuously near and far. From the hurricane deck they presented a glorious sight.

We were still favored by brisk, north-west winds that pushed us along. Occasionally we shipped a sea. Sometimes the main deck was all awash. A flurry of snow in the cold air reminded us that we were not yet beyond King Winter's realm ; a rift in the thick vapors gave token that the sun was still shining above the clouds. The ship wallowed a little, but on the whole behaved splendidly. Thus Sunday passed, with a short religious service in the saloon to break the monotony of the day and remind us how dependent we were upon the Power that made and sustains this world.

Monday came. We were in the Gulf Stream, and the seas which had pounded us all night were positively superb that morning, great mountain masses on the port bow curling on themselves like impromptu Niagaras, and sometimes

catching us as the ship plunged into the valleys and sending a few tons aboard. A passenger was overtaken on the after part of the main deck and thrown violently against a door, cutting his face seriously, then rolled over and over in the water. One intrusive sea dashed into the social hall and came tumbling into the dining-room. The ship rolled rhythmically from side to side. First the port windows were under water, then those on the starboard side. It continued thus all day Monday, and those who were able to be on deck enjoyed the spectacle of a lifetime, for this was the beautiful blue water of the Gulf, and as to the great seas,—

“ ’Twas worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.”

On Tuesday morning, just before day-break, the Bermuda lights were sighted, but so narrow and tortuous is the channel leading in to these enchanted islands that

no captain of sanity would dare to take in his ship except by daylight, so that it was well along in the forenoon before the Madiana was finally made fast to the pier in the sight of the town of Hamilton.

It is a great spectacle here to see a steamer arrive, and white and black, in large numbers, were present to bid us welcome.

Two hotel runners came out to us in a boat and harangued volubly in alternation concerning the merits of their respective hotels. One was black and the other yellow, and both were grinning and self-satisfied. It was like a scene from comic opera, with the assembled hundreds on the pier as the support, and the amused company on the decks as the audience.

Bermuda looks very attractive on closer acquaintance, although our first glimpses from the sea were hardly satisfy-

ing; indeed, it is not unlike the Irish coast as one sees it from an inward-bound Liverpool steamer.

There was something raw about the scenery under that rainy sky, which made an impression that we afterwards found to be an erroneous one.

A long, undulating shore line, somewhat indented, and stretching away for miles, thickly clustered with evergreens and dotted pretty freely with white huts—this was the first picture.

Gradually, the island separated itself into a group of islands, the last of them lying low and indistinct on the far horizon. Then we saw forts and hills, with semaphores and signal stations on them, and deep inlets with vessels at anchor, and then it dawned on us suddenly how smooth the water had become, and what beautiful shades of blue it was taking on.

But of endless summer and tropical

vegetation there was not even a hint. There was more the atmosphere of a bleak spring day, with a temperature of about sixty degrees. It was distinctly disappointing. Who would have expected to find the cedar the most distinctively conspicuous Bermudan tree? Yet so it is.

But as we came up to the pier somebody discovered through his glass palmetto trees ashore, and a great rubber tree, and agaves and Spanish bayonets; and then we decided to wait for closer acquaintance before indulging in sweeping generalizations.

Upon going ashore we noticed hedges of red lantana, and bright magenta masses of bougainvillea, and cactus trees and beds of morning glories, and roses and fragrance. And all this only four days from ice-bound New England!



II.

A Glimpse at Bermuda.

IN one particular, at least, Bermuda is like a little England; that is, in the frequency and gentleness of its rains. You start out for a walk under the loveliest of blue skies, when suddenly the sun is shut in and the raindrops begin to patter down. Just as everything is well besprinkled, including yourself, the sunshine leaps out again and all is fair.

The well-seasoned native scarcely deigns to notice this beneficence of the clouds, but goes straight on with his walks and drives. If the roads get wet they do not become muddy, for mud is something Bermuda knows nothing about.

The islands are of soft limestone for-

mation, the architecture of the coral insect. All the roads are built of this soft stone which, when broken and well trodden under foot, is not unlike Portland cement in smoothness, but in color is creamy white. Into such roads all moisture speedily penetrates and disappears.

This coralline rock is perhaps the most characteristic thing about Bermuda ; indeed, in one sense, it *is* Bermuda, for all the beauty of semi-tropical vegetation is but a veneer, or better, a drapery, with which nature has covered and adorned the work of the patient insects, which built up in ages past this group of islands in the middle of the ocean. The soil is very thin, but soil and climate together make an earthly paradise.

The climate is, of course, the gift of the Gulf Stream, on the farther edge of which the islands lie protected from the fury of our northern winters. It is the

Gulf Stream smitten by the cold breath of the north that distils itself into gentle and abundant rains, just as it does in that larger England oversea. Sometimes, after days of continuous northerly winds of unusual velocity, even the Gulf Stream is not sufficient to keep all thought of winter away from the denizens of these fair isles.

Thus it was at the time of our visit, which, everyone assured us, was one of the coldest and windiest spells of weather the islands had ever known. Cold enough and windy enough it was, forsooth, but when we remembered the weather we had left behind us in the north, we were not disposed to complain.

Speaking of the soft, coral rock as Bermuda's chief characteristic, it is in order to say that the houses, with rare exceptions, are constructed of it. For the most part they are low and unpretending, but there are also beautiful and

handsome villas, and a great cathedral is now a-building of stone brought all the way from Indiana. I also noticed here and there a wooden house, but that was only one of those exceptions that prove the rule.

Those humble houses spoken of are usually a story and a half high, and built of blocks of the general dimensions of 6x12x24 inches, laid up like bricks. The blocks are sawed out of the hills, and cut like cheese. They are built up in cement of the same material, and harden to the weather. Thin slabs of the sawn stone are laid over wooden rafters to form the roof, and then the whole structure is carefully and regularly white-washed.

There is, indeed, a law that requires each roof to be white-washed at least once a year, in the interest of domestic sanitation ; for the roof is a watershed, and all the water that falls upon it is carefully

treasured in cisterns against a time of need, for, despite the abundant rainfall, there are occasional droughts to be provided for and no natural springs.

Recently, a better construction has been introduced, whereby the stone is carefully cemented outside and smoothed with whitewash. Such houses, shaded by blinds and walled into a garden of beautiful, semi-tropical shrubbery, are very attractive, and are named in the English fashion. One observes such names as Sunnylands, Monticello, Fair View, and the like, which have a flavor of poetry and domestic comfort.

There are public watersheds also, in Bermuda, where side hills have been stripped of vegetation and laid bare to the white, clean rock. From a wide area of this kind, water is collected and saved in large storage reservoirs. Such watersheds are almost the first things one notices in approaching from the sea.

Bermuda was first discovered by one Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, in 1515. It was re-discovered in 1609 by Sir George Somers, an Englishman, and the islands have remained English ever since. The Bermuda Company was incorporated in 1615, and the first governor under that charter arrived the succeeding year.

Few places in all the wide domain of the empire are more distinctly British than this. Even the darkeys speak with a distinctly British accent that is quite excruciating, and the trappings and paraphernalia of Britain are household words. The name only, remains obstinately and everlastingly Spanish, and no efforts of Admiralty have ever been sufficient to force the *alias*, Somers' Islands, into popular use. British convicts built the beautiful roads that extend to all parts of the islands; British steamers touch here regularly on their way to and from London; the British

navy has a most stupendous depot upon Ireland Island, one of the group, including the largest dry dock in the world; and a British regiment usually garrisons the fort. At the time of our visit the social value of this garrison was disturbed by the absence of Tommy Atkins in South Africa, and the substitution of a somewhat disorderly crowd of black soldiers from the island of Jamaica, a sore trial and curse to the inhabitants—so the latter declared. Another source of dullness was the mourning ordered for Queen Victoria; therefore the winter was pretty generally reprobated as a “dead season.” Even the military band did not play.

It is a little disquieting to observe what Gibraltars the British empire is creating all along the American coast. There is Halifax in the north; there is Bermuda, connected with Halifax not only by the ties of official and military

etiquette, but by a regular line of mail steamers. Bermuda is exactly six hundred miles, due east, from Charleston, South Carolina, a fact that meant much to blockade runners during the War of the Rebellion, and might mean a great deal again in case of any unpleasantness we might happen to have with any hostile power. A thousand miles or so south is Kingston, Jamaica, another strongly fortified place. In the Caribbee Islands, at St. Lucia, a gigantic fortress is building, that, whether so intended or not, undoubtedly has a bearing upon any future Nicaragua Canal.

In the Pacific Ocean there is a strong naval base at Esquimault, British Columbia, and there is some reason to believe that the agitation in regard to the Alaska coast boundary has in view mainly the cession of some port on the Lynn Canal, to be hereafter fortified in an equally thorough manner.

Let us hope, however, that nothing will ever occur to disturb the friendly relations now growing up between Great Britain and America; but one cannot help wondering what these preparations presage.

One of the pleasures of Bermuda is to take a boat and sail about the lagoons. The water is so crystal clear that no idea of depth can be had, the white, sandy bottom being readily seen, and fishes swimming in the cool, transparent deeps. Strange fishes these, of wondrous form and coloring, the most marvelous of which, the angel fish, is pure, cerulean blue, and is said not to be found elsewhere. If there be a ripple on the water a long spout is used, with glass in one end. When this is placed on the water it flattens it and enables one to look down and see the wonders of the marine underworld.

Our tarry was all too short to indulge

in this delightful study and pastime, but at Devil's Hole (so called) there is a remarkable blue basin connecting with the sea, and in this pool are collected a host of the finny denizens of the great deep. For a small fee one may enjoy the pleasures of this natural aquarium, where great goggle-eyed, red-lipped fish called groupers compete viciously for anything thrown in for them to eat. A loaf of bread lasts but a few minutes, and pigs in a sty were never more greedy in trying to outdo their fellows. A few angel fish and such rare forms also exist in the pool, and altogether the number is said to reach a thousand. Other strange fellows are pilot fish and cow fish. It is a unique sight.

Walsingham Cave, associated with the memory of Tom Moore, the poet, is a rare spot, where a deep blue pool of sea water is arched over by a roof of stalactites, and lights up wonderfully well when the

guide makes a glare with a handful of burning palmetto leaves, taken in for that purpose. There are other underground passages where one takes a candle and explores about, but these are of less interest.

St. George's and St. David's Islands are connected with other islands of the group by bridges and causeways. In fact, the several islands are all thus more or less joined. Hamilton is, of course, the chief city, and along its water front wears the aspect of a breezy seaport town. But among the nearby hills are many homes of wealth and taste.

The first thing to do at Bermuda is to get a carriage and drive away over to the other end of the island and see the quaint town of St. George's. This has a plenitude of narrow streets and crooked ways, like some old-world village. There are houses of Spanish aspect, little bits of shops, and high garden walls shutting

out all private grounds, quite in the English fashion.

St. George's was the favorite rendezvous for blockade runners during the Rebellion. It is a queer village and one that would bear a more leisurely acquaintance. We were told that it became quite opulent during the blockade, but has since visibly declined in commercial importance.

There are great modern caravansaries at Bermuda. Hotels like the Hamilton and the Princess are in every particular first class, and build their charges on that theory. They are much frequented by well-to-do people who wish to avoid the rigors of the northern winter. There are also many good private boarding houses on the island. Bermuda is a paradise for the nerve weary and the run down, but it is less suitable for consumptives, the climate being somewhat bracing. When evening comes a great

stillness settles over everything. Shops close, lights go out, and the streets are dark and poky. It is a good place to sleep.

The first thing one thinks of with us when the islands are mentioned is the Bermuda onion. It is less in evidence than I had supposed, though an inquisitive saunter among the farming lands showed it to be the principal crop. It is possible to grow three crops a year, but the profitable one is that earliest harvested, as it goes to market in the American spring, New York being the universal destination. The number of boxes shipped last year was 64,590. The number of barrels of potatoes was 1,242.

Closely associated with the onions are the more aristocratic lilies, for which Bermuda has recently become so famous. Seen growing in the fields they look like any other farm crop, but it is the flowers that are valuable, in this case, and the

Bermuda Easter lily is a household word in the United States. Yet the whole business of lily growing is only about seventeen years old. Sometimes great results are achieved, and it is on record that one famous bulb produced no less than one hundred and forty-five flowers upon a single stem. For a short season of the year Bermuda is fragrant with its lily crop, and then well deserves its present popular name, "the land of the lily and the rose." But strange to say the oleander is even more conspicuous.

I am not going into statistics about Bermuda, as they can be had in any guide book. I will, however, say that its area is twenty-four square miles and its population 15,000.

The marvel is that such a world in miniature should exist in the middle of the sea. The old myth or tradition of a lost continent in the Atlantic is revived by the Bermudans to account for

this possible meager remnant of a submerged land.

The greatest charm, after all, is the turquoise sea that cuts caves into soft lime rocks, and extends as far as the eye can reach. From either of the several elevations within easy reach one beholds a matchless picture of sky and shore, and always that indescribable water, which no pen can describe or brush paint.

No ! Bermuda is not the tropical isle that we had imagined it to be. The beautiful cedars that cover all its hills give it a northern, rather than a southern look. But its waters, crystal clear over sandy bottom, deeper in tone upon the coral reefs, but always transparent, and always, even when pounding stormily upon the reefs, a glowing symphony of blue, are something that no previous description would ever quite prepare one for.

One is reminded of what Bliss Carman

36 *A Glimpse at Bermuda.*

wrote about the waters that break upon
the Bahamas :

“Cobalt, gobelin and azure,
Turquoise, sapphire, indigo,
Changing from the spectral bluish
Of a shadow upon snow
To the deep of Canton china—
One unfathomable glow.”



III.

Saint Croix or Santa Cruz.

THE Caribbee Islands! What memories cluster about them! What thrills of romance the very words inspire. One thinks of Columbus and Cortez, of Drake and Rodney, of buccaneers and pirates, of swarthy Spaniards and "long, low, rakish craft" stealing out of hidden harbors to prey upon the commerce of the world. One has confused color impressions, traceable in part to history and in part to fiction, of some gay, free time when America was still young and these islands were the theater of deeds the world will not see again.

In the clear, cold light of fact we do well to be glad that those old days have

gone, never to return, for the more they are pondered and studied the blacker becomes the story of man's inhumanity to man. When Columbus discovered the islands they were the abode of happy, peaceable people. But the Spaniards, ravaging with fire and sword, nearly swept the aborigines from the face of the earth. In the mountain fastnesses of Dominica and Saint Vincent a few hundred Caribs still remain, sole survivors of the original inhabitants.

The other elements of romance are such as relate to the black flag and the slave trade and the jealous rivalries of nation against nation. It is a sad chapter, not a bright one, and the West Indian islands, that God meant to be among the choicest jewels of His earth, are blighted beyond hope of reparation. The trail of the serpent is over them all. Yet nature, in her tropical glory and perennial freshness, still remains.

Few corners of the world present a greater interest for the observant traveler than these fair islands, which some one has well compared to stepping stones set down into the Atlantic. Once they are sighted, you are never out of sight of land, and as you pass from one to the other it is like passing from nation to nation so great are their diversities in structure, speech, manners and customs. France and England are not more unlike than are Martinique and Barbados.

With this brief preamble let us proceed with the narrative of our recent cruise "down the islands." High winds prevailed during all the time we remained at Bermuda, and a fierce surf beat upon the shore, making departure a trifle dubious; so much so, in fact, that we were actually detained a day beyond the appointed time. It is by no means an easy matter, in a wind like this, to get out of such a port as Hamilton; but once

clear of narrow channels and coral reefs, and fairly started on our 900-mile journey to the islands of the south, we entered upon a spell of weather that was interesting, and which many of the passengers declared to be decidedly uncomfortable. The gale had a velocity approaching sixty miles an hour.

It was six o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of February, and Neptune sent us a valentine long to be remembered. The sea rose to magnificent heights. In the grasp of the billows the ship would buckle to her work, and frequently take in water on either side, once in a while sending a bit of a deluge upon the main deck. Steamer chairs, the few that were needed, were lashed down, several of the passengers were thrown about and hurt, and the stewardess, coming on to the deck, was knocked off her feet and sustained severe cuts about the head and face.

It was a queer sort of day. Sometimes the sky was darkened by heavy clouds, and a pall seemed to settle upon the gray desolation of the sea. Then would come fierce white rains, churning the surface of the water and somewhat deadening the waves, followed by glints of sunshine and sundogs, and then more rain and darkness. And always and unremittingly the wind, like some fierce devil, howling against our peace !

There were few passengers at the table that day, and those who ventured into the dining saloon were obliged to brace themselves and chase their food across the slanting board. Soup was served in cups, and stewards struggled manfully to keep their feet. Seen through the cabin port-holes the sea looked appalling. Such mountains of water ! Such deep valleys of gloom !

When night came it was worse. What with writhing and groaning and splash-

ing and pounding, we found it hard to stay in our bunks; but after several hours of this sort of thing our captain decided to ease the ship a little by running off his course a few score of miles. Next day the conditions were a trifle abated, and toward night it grew warm. The 16th opened with a bright blue sky and a laughing sea.

And then the joy of it, just to be alive ! It was a day of color ; the soft, blue cope of heaven, beautiful with clouds, arched over a wide, bright sea not yet without its white-capped waves. As if by magic everyone appeared on deck. It was June in February. Awnings were stretched across the after hurricane deck, and all sorts of airy summer apparel hastened to make its appearance.

After sundown we got a somewhat changed sky. The north star was perceptibly lower, one star of the dipper had gone, and the zodiacal light of unusual

intensity lingered long in the west. We began to look forward to the tropics and the Southern Cross.

The atmosphere of the next day was like July. It was just such weather as we commonly associate with the Fourth of July. The sea was soft and smooth, and every one was happy, though hot. At about half-past eleven we got our first landfall, the Danish Island of Saint Thomas. Shortly afterwards, Porto Rico appeared on our starboard bow, in the gray distance.

St. Thomas is like a mountain rising from the sea, vague, formless and dreamy. As we drew nearer we saw red, volcanic-looking cliffs draped with shrubbery and trees. Sailing by without attempting a landing, we had a good view, also, of the other Virgin Islands. A strange white formation all alone in the sea, known as Sail Rock, exactly resembles a sailing vessel, when seen from a little distance.

44 *Saint Croix or Santa Cruz.*

Before losing St. Thomas we are in sight of St. Croix or Santa Cruz, another of the group which Denmark is anxious to sell to the United States for three and a half million dollars. I reserve my opinion as to what they are worth to us, but Heaven will not look fairer than this sea-girt isle carrying its fertile plantations high up the steep mountain side. Such a vivid intensity of green as sugar cane presents is hard to match, and when contrasted with deep blue sea and azure sky, dappled by shadows from immense, white, overhanging clouds, it made in this instance, a picture wondrously acceptable to northern eyes. Details soon arranged themselves and we began to spy out sugar mills and strange towers of masonry, low houses and bits of villages. Several church towers were also in the view.

We were approaching a fair-sized town, and already a boat had put out from shore carrying the red and white flag of

Denmark and a yellow flag as well, to indicate that the health officer was coming. Our gangway was put down and formalities were soon in progress. Meanwhile a mosquito fleet of no small proportions had come out to us, and soon boat-loads of darkeys were swarming about the ship, screaming, chattering and vociferating, in a pandemonium of noise.

To select a boat and embark in it was the work of a few moments, and we soon found ourselves ashore in the midst of a crowd of onlookers who followed us about to gape and stare and make remarks with the utmost freedom in the world ; and, of course, we felt quite at liberty to scrutinize and laugh at them. It was Sunday, and the whole town was in a fever of excitement at the arrival of the ship—for be it known that St. Croix is one of those out-of-the-way corners of the West Indies which does not see a big steamer every day. So pronounced is its isolation that

as many as forty days have been known to elapse without receiving a mail, although now once a fortnight is about the average, and an ocean cable still further relieves the situation.

Besides being one of the most isolated, St. Croix is one of the strangest of this island group. Fredericksted, the port, is a decayed old place with arcaded Spanish buildings that hint at former prosperity, and a swarming population of donkeys, mules, goats and kids, intermingled with blacks in their Sunday best and blacks who have no best at all. And there are tamarind trees and flamboyant trees and strangely beautiful flowers, and cheap cabins huddled together in picturesque confusion. The island's population is 42,000, the area, 84 square miles. On the other side of the island is another village called Christiansted, with the same Spanish aspect and Danish authority and black population that we found here.

The last place I had seen a Danish flag was in Denmark's capital, the fine old city of Copenhagen, and it was odd to greet it again in this remote spot, and to note that the streets here are called *gade* just as they are in Copenhagen. Strandgade is the name of the thoroughfare that runs along the water-front, and every other street is a gade of some sort.

There are but few interesting sights at Fredericksted, and we went to see them all, the Roman Catholic cathedral being the most notable ; but nothing in the way of a spectacle equals the people themselves. Remember that it was Sunday and that all Darkeydom in its sabbath finery was sunning itself in the streets. To describe that finery would need the brush of a painter, and the setting of a comic opera. Some of the young men and boys were wearing the largest size McKinley and Bryan campaign buttons, perhaps as a way of showing their fond-

ness for the United States—for be it known there is a strong annexation feeling all over the island. It is the under-dressed darkey who surprises you most, and to walk down one of the swarming streets is to look upon sights just a bit embarrassing to eyes polite; such, for instance, as a woman sitting in a window with her bare feet and legs dangling outside.

A gaudily-painted caroussel or merry-go-round is the grand attraction and is the center of a crowd. Some local artists furnish the music. Two men behind the scenes turn a crank and supply the power. Merrily go the flying-horses and the fun is fast and furious. It costs ten cents to ride. These people earn about twenty cents a day. Comment is unnecessary.

But these white-clad, color-bedecked blacks take no thought of to-morrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil

thereof " would probably serve any one of them literally for a creed. There is evil enough, God knows, physical evil, moral obliquity, and poverty beyond belief. But somehow, poverty in a hot climate never makes as painful an impression as it does where there is frost and snow. And this climate, even in February, is fearfully, unbearably hot. We suffered when exposed to the fierce rays of the sun.

At St. Croix, as in other islands afterwards visited, a stranger upon landing is immediately beset by a crowd of natives who follow him about. "This way, mahstah!" "Want a pilot, mahstah?" "I be you guide, mahstah!" are some of the cries that greet you as you step ashore, and the cries are accompanied by gesticulations and rolling of the eyes and disputations one with another that might well make a timid person a bit nervous. But these people are like children, just as demonstrative and nearly as harmless.

Nor will they take "No!" for an answer, and you might just as well select the brightest young darkey you can find and secure his aid in driving the rest away as quickly as possible. My guide informed me that his name was Theophilus but that he was called "Bertie" for short.

Seen from the deck of the Madiana next morning the island was fair as a dream. It was early dawn, and when the swift sun came it lighted up an extent of tree-fringed shores, beyond which a bold line of hills carried the vivid green of sugar plantations up, up, almost to the mountain peak itself, where the view culminated among the clouds; the truncated terminal peak, dark-wooded to the very top, suggesting the cone of an extinct volcano.

Volcanic, indeed, must have been the origin of these islands, for in some of them still remain sulphur lakes, and springs of boiling mud and other evi-

dences of internal fires. They are as obviously more or less coralline in formation. It would seem as if the slower processes of nature must have lifted the sea-bottom and some great convulsion afterwards thrust up the peaks from the mass. But I regret that I am not geologist enough to explain their genesis.

Upon a first trip to a West India island a good place to visit is a sugar plantation. The cane is such a vivid, all-compelling emerald that one longs to get near to it. There are several methods of growing it, but at St. Croix the young cane is set out in sprouts, and reaches its maximum the first year. For two years thereafter it is capable of being cut, and then, the yield becoming light, the field is plowed up and the process repeated. We saw all stages of the cane as well as many bright and unfamiliar blossoms that grow along with it.

Securing a carriage, next morning, we

drove out into the country to one of the large plantations, where cane cutting was just beginning ; and had an opportunity to follow all the processes from the cutting and trimming to finished sugar, molasses and rum. Santa Cruz rum, it will be remembered, was in old times the principal tippie and monumental curse of New England, and they are still making it.

The first sugar-mill visited, "Lower-love," was within a few hours of starting. The plantation was a scene of great activity, mule carts, driven by negroes, rushing the freshly-cut cane to mill, and other men busy trimming off the leaves ; but actual grinding was not going on. The plantation, with its long line of palm trees and clustered huts, not to speak of its fine machinery plant, afforded full opportunity of interest.

Next we went to Mr. Flemming's place, and here we were more fortunate. The cane is not unlike stout cornstalks, and is

sweet and juicy ; so juicy and sweet, in fact, that the average darkey, old and young, is forever chewing and sucking it. When fed through the great rollers of the mill by negro women, a stream of muddy sap gushes out of a spout, while the dry refuse, called "begasse," falls along an inclined plane into a pit further on. The furnaces are wholly fired with this dry "begasse," which, I assure you, is quite dry enough to burn as soon as the sap is squeezed out of it. The sap itself is known as "bomay," and in this instance was yielding light, as they were crushing cane of the third year of growth.

An account of the sugar-making processes would be too technical to print here, but suffice it to say that the sap is boiled down, going through a system of boilers, strainers and vacuum pans, and then becomes crude sugar crystals for exportation. "Demerara crystals," as they are called, are large and coarse, tasting like

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old-fashioned brown sugar. Molasses is separated from the sugar at one stage of the operation and the final refuse is distilled into rum.

Before leaving this matter of sugar-making, let me say that the cane-sugar industry is greatly depressed in every one of the West India Islands. Beet sugar, stimulated by heavy bounties in Europe, is giving it a hard competition, and as it is the principal staple, it is easy to see whence a part of the present distress in the West India islands arises. Add to that the hurricane of 1898, which damaged every island more or less, and did incalculable harm to St. Croix. The question is, can not the West Indies initiate some new industry to take the place of cane-growing and sugar-making?

One's first day in the tropics is an event of a lifetime. Our drive was along roads, more than ordinarily good, bordered on each side by the ever-present cane,

and overhung in many places by glorious palms, (fewer since the great hurricane). Negro men and women together were working in the fields. Green mountains stretched up to meet the bright, blue sky, and every now and then we got entrancing glimpses of the sparkling sea, and breath of cool, sea air.

In going out to the plantation, we met the country people swarming into market, each with his little bit of something to sell, perhaps a bunch of plantains, or a few cocoanuts, or tamarinds, or sapolillas. But whatever the burden, it was invariably carried upon the head. There were donkeys, too, bearing strange burdens and sometimes almost hidden in a mass of cane leaves or other green fodder.

Nothing could be more amusing than the dress of the people. Ransack your memories of rummage sales and burlesque processions, and you are still

short of the mark. I am sure that Joseph's coat of many colors would not have been at all conspicuous. It takes but little to clothe a darkey in this climate, especially a little darkey, and precious little, also, to feed him.

Among the strangest sights are those afforded by the washing places, which are such as any flowing brook or stream may happen to supply. The women congregate there with their soiled clothing, and, standing knee-deep in the water, chatter and frolic like girls just let out of school. The advent of our carriage is invariably a sensation, and "Good mawning, mahs-tahs!" the invariable salutation, delivered in soft, guttural tones. There is little water in Santa Cruz, practically none at all in St. Thomas, but in such islands as Dominica and Martinique, the glad torrents rush downward forever from their fountains in the hills.

As I have said, the first day in the

tropics is an event. Driving along these country roads, bordered on either side by luxuriant vegetation, it was hard to realize that New York and Boston were in the grasp of the ice king. Every foot of the way was of interest. Here a group of bananas; there a broadly-buttressed silk cottonwood tree; again the delicately-leaved tamarind, not unlike an acacia in its foliage. There were roses, too, and other beautiful and fragrant flowers.

Back again to the ship where clumsy lighters were taking off a part of our cargo, and big-winged pelicans were floating in the air. The water was forty feet deep or more, but so crystal clear that we could easily look down to ocean bottom and see fishes swimming in the cool, transparent depths.

Ere long the *Madiana* was off again upon her southern way, gliding over a glassy sea, and fanned by gentlest of zephyrs. Shoals of flying fish skimmed

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the surface of the waves. Sunset colors were in the sky. Everybody was pleased and happy, and storms and sea-sickness were forgotten.



IV.

Antigua.

FROM Porto Rico to Martinique southward, the Caribbean Islands are often spoken of as the Leeward Islands, and thence southward as the Windward Islands. St. Kitts, Antigua, Santa Lucia and Barbados are English, with all that the word implies. Guadaloupe and Martinique are French—very French. St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John are Danish, and garrisoned by Danish soldiers. There are also two little Dutch islands, Saba and St. Eustatia, in which the people are mostly white. There are a host of other islands, large and small, none quite devoid of interest. St. Vincent is an English island of great beauty.

Nevis is celebrated as the birthplace of America's first great financier, Alexander Hamilton. Montserrat is famous for its lime-trees, now, alas, too few, since the great hurricane of 1898.

Incidentally, it may be stated that Montserrat was originally settled by Irishmen, and that some of the negroes there speak the rich brogue of Erin. It is reported that an Irish immigrant was met by one of these men as he was landing at Castle Garden. "An' how are ye, Pat!" he was greeted. "Faith," inquired Patrick, "are ye an Orishman?" "Shure, an' I am that!" said the other. "An' how long has youse been in the country to get that black?" asked Patrick in consternation.

Few experiences are pleasanter than to sail the dreamy Caribbean with its islands always in sight. No sooner is one shadowy haystack sunk behind you, in dim distance, than another looms up ahead.

Volcanic cones, most of them, with their heads in the clouds, distilling rain. Down their sides perennial streams rush ever to the sea. A few like Barbados are low and comparatively waterless, depending upon springs and driven wells. All of them are salubrious in climate, tempered by sea breezes and delightful to live in, except for the crowding, ever-increasing horde of blacks, many of whom are disorderly, and at times dangerous, when swayed by passion or excitement. In the British islands the lion's paw is down firm, but even in Barbados cane burning and other disorder is not infrequent, while St. Kitts had a most formidable riot a few years ago, in which arson, rapine and murder were unloosed. St. Croix, too, once had a fearful experience before the Danish soldiers were able to restore order.

Speaking with a lady resident of one of the islands about the terribly destruc-

tive work of hurricanes, and of the last great hurricane in particular, she was inclined to make light of these great wind storms, claiming that they were very infrequent. "Why worry about hurricanes?" asked she, "when we are living near a volcano that may burst forth at any time and overwhelm us!" She meant a sulphurous-steaming mountain towering close at hand. My thoughts were rather of the teeming black population of which she did not seem afraid.

After leaving St. Croix, our next port of call was St. John's, Antigua. A reef about fifteen feet under water renders the entrance of this harbor inaccessible to ships the size of our steamer, so we were obliged to anchor several miles outside, and go ashore in a steam launch. The cargo intended for St. John's was taken off, not in flat-bottomed lighters as at St. Croix, but in small sloops of a very primitive and ugly character.

Our approach to Antigua was made at night and we were already at anchor when the passengers came on deck in the morning. The island as seen from this anchorage did not look particularly inviting, being comparatively low and rugged, with a sort of rubble-like formation breaking a line of scrub trees. A few sandy beaches, however, gave hint of something pleasant, and one particularly bold spur of rock, topped by a round castle or fortress, was distinctly picturesque. There was very little trace, however, at this distance, of the green and smiling fertility noted at Santa Cruz, although, as a matter of fact, this island is said to be the more productive place.

Antigua has a total population of 35,000 and an area of 108 square miles. It was discovered and named by Christopher Columbus. It is thirteen miles long and nine miles broad, and is the seat of government in the Leeward Islands, as

well as of the established church. The highest point of land is 1,339 feet.

There is comparatively little to interest at St. John's. Oddly enough, there is a fairly good library and reading room, where we were cordially received, and there is also a fine botanic garden. Two other public institutions are the Leper Hospital and the Insane Asylum, both finely situated on hills near the harbor, and conspicuous objects as one sails into port. The finest public building is the cathedral, a handsome, cream-colored edifice in the Spanish style of architecture, with twin towers, and rising grandly behind the town. There is a population of about 10,000, we were told, and could easily believe it.

Extreme heat somewhat marred our enjoyment of the noble tropical foliage in the Botanic Garden, which we found to be an attractive spot. Here are screw palms, cocoanut palms, royal palms, and a

most peculiar tree called the toddy palm. There are also fine specimens of the feathery casuarina or Australian beef-wood tree. Here, too, we saw for the first time the royal poinciana or flamboyant tree, not indeed in flower, but bearing long, sword-shaped pods, in which the seeds rattle merrily when shaken. "Shock-shock" the negroes call it; that is to say: "Shake-shake."

In addition to such luxuriant tree-forms there were gorgeous flowers and foliage plants. Of the latter, the most conspicuous are the pandanus and crotons, which here attain the size of small shrubs and a brilliancy never seen in the north. We noticed, also, great shrubs of the pale blue plumbago, mostly grown with us as a pot plant; flaming, gorgeous hibiscus, with flowers as large as plates; maurandias; crimson ipomœas; and a rampant flowering vine with pink clusters known as carlita. Associated with such rare

and wonderful flowers were zinnias and other of our familiar garden plants.

At this place we noticed tarantula holes for the first time, and although our darkey boy made several attempts to fish Mr. Spider out of his retreat, he was not successful. But we did manage after a time, to lasso one of the numerous lizards with a loop of grass, and had a chance to study the little fellow at our leisure.

It was at Antigua that we first heard about the "bête-rouge" and the "jigger," two of the insect pests of the West Indies. The first of these is a microscopic insect that gets under your skin and causes red blotches and intolerable itching. You make his acquaintance by sitting or standing in the grass. The "jigger" is usually found in untidy houses, and has a pleasant habit of burrowing into the flesh, sometimes to the detriment of limb and life. At Martinique the writer afterwards came to know

and curse the "bête-rouge;" but the "jigger," fortunately still remains a mystery.

Green turtle is the principal delicacy of Antigua, and a hotel dinner, at which the reptile is served in several different ways, is the regular and expected thing. We took it, of course, and found it neither so bad nor so good as it was variously represented to be. Cucumbers, tomatoes, mangos, citrons and green limes were among the viands served, not to mention the embellishment of fragrant and beautiful roses. All this was, of course, a welcome variation from ship fare.

Dinner was also interesting from the crowd of merchants and mendicants our presence had drawn about the hotel. Black faces pressed close to the windows, black figures crowded the doorways and even pushed into the hotel itself, only to be unceremoniously thrust out, from time to time, by the proprietor or his as-

sistant. A few pennies thrown into the street to be scrambled for resulted in an exciting contest among the young and vigorous, but there were a good many diseased, loathly and crippled individuals, young and old, who merely stood by and begged. One's ears were assailed by such cries as: "I am blind!" "I am very sick!" "I am without bread!" "I am lame!" "Give me a penny, mahstah?" "Buy something of a poor woman! What, no! Why so hard?"

Sights and sounds alike were distressing.* Swarming streets, unpainted cabins with shuttered windows, open sewers, rags, dirt, and universal squalor, combined

*A recent writer, Mr. Robert T. Hill, (see *Century Magazine* for May, 1901,) attributes the squalor and wretchedness of Antigua and the other islands mainly to their political status as crown colonies. Absentee ownership of land, high taxes, extravagant salaries to administrative officials, lack of individual opportunity, the absence of anything like real self government, and "sheer inattention" are some of his specifications in support of that idea. Mr. Hill's article is a thoughtful study of the whole situation, and is worthy of careful attention.

to make a most painful impression, so that, notwithstanding its beautiful vegetation and charming white society, St. John's, Antigua, left, and still leaves, a bad taste in the mouth.

It was a welcome change to go aboard our good, clean ship in late afternoon, and sail away at sunset into the delightful breezes of the tropic night.

V.

Dominica.

AT daybreak next morning there opened a wondrous sight. We were approaching the mountainous island of Dominica, and already looked upon a panorama of rolling and broken hills, overtopped by sublime and splendid ranges that seem to rest against the sky. "The Alps of the Caribbees!" some one remarked at my elbow, and the comparison was not entirely inapt. The sun had just leaped out as it does in southern latitudes, and brought the quick change from night to day, accentuating every detail of the scenery. The noble mountains, plowed by deep ravines, and wooded to the very top, are tenderly draped by shifting masses of soft clouds.

These catch and charm the eye. Below, in the middle distance, are patches of cultivated land, bright with the intense green of sugar cane. Lower still, and in the immediate foreground, are the wooden and brick buildings of the little town of Roseau, ranged along the shore for perhaps half a mile, and still in the shadow. A very good pier projects into the water, and one respectable schooner and a few rough-looking sloops are lying in the roadstead. I had almost written harbor, but, as a matter of fact, there is no harbor at Roseau ; yet the prevailing winds from the northwest bring the anchorage under the lee of the land, and there is neither swell nor surf.

The *Madiana* dropped her anchor within a gun-shot of shore, but not before a mob of native boats had rushed up and made fast to the still moving ship, with no small shouting and excitement, and to the imminent peril of life and limb.

One athletic black was knocked overboard, but that mattered little, for he was up and out like a duck, and not being well found in the matter of clothing, was soon as dry and smiling as the rest.

His involuntary swim was merely a prelude to the grand show that followed, for these men one and all are professional divers, who dive and swim for pennies, and we soon had them fully occupied. Great, muscular fellows they were, with magnificent chests and shoulders, and skins ranging in color from warm brown to ebony. To see them leap swiftly after a penny, and go down head first after it into deep water, was at first a most taking diversion, and we lined up on deck and encouraged them with much laughter and applause.

If one journeys into Dominica he must travel up hill, and as there are neither highways or wheeled vehicles, it is needful either to go afoot or hire a pony.

A business-like colored man, who rejoices in the entomological name of Cockroach, has a sort of cinch upon the horse flesh of the island, and some of us made bargains with him for mounts before we went to breakfast ; but Cockroach turned out to be a delusion and a snare, and those who took their chances fared as well as the others ; so, invoking all manner of insect powder upon him, and otherwise anathematizing his unreliability, we each decided to shift for himself, and do the best we could. It fell to my lot to have half a pony, or rather, to have a pony jointly with another, and so, off and on in spells of half an hour, my friend and myself started for the Sulphur Spring, one of the inland attractions of Dominica. The walking was good, though hot, but for at least half the time I was as proud as a prince upon my "fiery" steed. And I surely fared better than some others who got no horse at all.

The attractions of Dominica are unique, and one might spend many days exploring them. Two thousand feet above sea level is a boiling lake, with walls an hundred feet high, and said to be bottomless, whence clouds of steam are constantly rising from a "wild fury of ebullition." There is also the Sulphur Spring (our destination) and mountains, rivers, lakes, and cascades, valleys of marvelous fertility, vegetation of unparalleled luxuriance, and a climate of never-failing delight. Round about all is the Caribbean Sea, dancing in the sunshine of its ever lasting summer.

Were I writing a guide book it would be my task to set down certain facts and statistics that I hesitate to tarry for here. I may as well say, however, that 30,000 people inhabit Dominica, including a few aboriginal Caribs, who, with the exception of a remnant on St. Vincent, are the last of their race. The island is 16 miles

wide and 29 miles long, and contains the highest land in the C aribbees. Mount Diablotin, the loftiest summit, is 5,314 feet high, about 1,000 feet lower than Mount Washington, but seeming to be higher on account of its proximity to sea level. Dominica was discovered by Columbus, November 3, 1493, on his second voyage to America, and I am sure he never looked upon another island half as fair.

I regret that I cannot go into the history of this island, which like all its congeners, is fairly teeming with memories of the past. The little toy fort of Roseau could tell tales of woful carnage if its stone walls might speak, for Dominica was the theater of a more than century-long struggle between English and French, a struggle which culminated in the channel between Dominica and Guadaloupe, April 12, 1782, when the British Admiral Rodney practically anni-

hilated the French fleet commanded by De Grasse, and thus saved the waning fortunes of the British empire, sadly shaken by the American Revolution and the surrender at Yorktown. Fourteen thousand men were killed in that sanguinary fight.

It was not, however, of the musty past that we were musing as our ponies clattered along the rough paving stones on our way to the hills. Tenderly bent the soft heavens above us, draped with the whitest of white clouds. Merrily babbled the rushing river, whose course we were following. Far ahead beckoned the mountains—glad, tropic mountains, full of unknown flowers and trees and birds, opening now the most bewitching of valley landscapes to our enchanted eyes. Leaving the village behind us, its churches, cocoanut palms and battered huts, proceeding thence past the attractive park and public garden, we soon

found ourselves in the heart of the hills, breathing the incense of lime trees and sweet scented shrubs.

It was one of those days of unalloyed delight, when elevation of spirit keeps pace with gain in altitude. We rode through groves of limes and banana plantations. We feasted our eyes upon cocoanut palms bending airily down from heights above ; upon tree ferns, mammee sapota, bread fruit, giant bamboo, and all sorts of unfamiliar growths, from graceful lianes that trailed adown the steeps to ferns and dainty blossoms nestling along the wayside. Presently we arrived at coffee plantations and groves of cacao (or chocolate) trees, bearing large, gourd-like fruits of several beautiful colors. And, of course, there were the omnipresent cane fields. Strange bird notes were in the air. Brilliant humming-birds darted from flower to flower. We came betimes to the Valley

River, a tumultuous stream, issuing from some far source in the heart of the hills, and followed it awhile along a dizzy verge.

The Sulphur Spring, our objective point, is not unlike certain formations in the Yellowstone, where the ground is hot and there is a constant gurgling of liquid mud. Close by is a cloven rock, whence sulphurous vapors steam up in clouds, constantly. It is interesting, as giving a hint of the island's formation, but it is quickly seen, and, after rest and luncheon, helped out by green cocoanuts from nearby trees, we were ready to retrace our steps. Subsequently, a party of four of us crossed the river and ascended on the other side to a point where a high waterfall could be seen falling like a ribbon of milk among the embosoming trees, into a region wilder and more remote than any we had yet discovered.

Late in the afternoon, we again found

ourselves aboard ship, longing for a closer acquaintance with Dominica, but not unready to proceed to Saint-Pierre, Martinique, our next port of call.

Dominica's fire-cleft summits
Rise from bluest of blue oceans;
Dominica's palms and plantains
Feel the trade-wind's mighty motions
Swaying with impetuous stress
The West Indian wilderness.

Tree-ferns wave their fans majestic,
Mangoes lift white-blossomed masses
Bright against the black abutments
Of volcanic mountain-passes;
Carrying with them up the height
Many a gorgeous parasite.


Dominica's crater-cauldron
Seethes against its lava-beaches,
Boils in misty desolation;
Seldom foot its border reaches;
Seldom any traveler's eye
Penetrates its barriers high.

Over hidden precipices
Falls the unseen torrent's thunder;
Windy shrieks and sibilations
Fill the pathless gorge with wonder;
And the dusky Carib hears,
Cowering with mysterious fears.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

VI.

Martinique.

 AINT - PIERRE, Martinique, has been somewhat whimsically called the "Paris of the West Indies." It is a stirring little place of some 25,000 inhabitants, and reflects certain aspects of its great original. French in language, deportment and sentiment, like the entire island of Martinique, it proudly flaunts the tricolor from its flag-staffs, and is as Parisian as a town knows how to be whose people are mainly black and yellow in complexion.

Upon turning out one morning, we found ourselves in the little harbor among clustered masts of shipping and stately square-riggers lying at anchor, the Madiana having arrived some time in the



night. It was plain that we had come to a seaport of size and importance. Substantial stone buildings with red tiled roofs were bunched together in quite a metropolitan way, with here and there an edifice having architectural pretensions, rising head and shoulders above the crowding mass. There were several churches and a theater. We knew it was a theater because, with the aid of our field-glasses, we managed to spell out the signboard.

Beyond the town rose hills, beautiful with high cultivation and tropical trees. Above and behind these towered a bleak mountain ridge, several of whose higher summits were in the clouds. It was interesting to note that patches of cultivated ground, inclined at all sorts of angles, ran upward almost to the borders of cloudland itself.

In grandeur the rival though not quite the equal of Dominica, the island of

Martinique (or Madiana) is one of the most fascinating of them all.

Nothing in Europe is more distinctly foreign to American eyes than the streets of St. Pierre, as we saw them that hot morning in February, swarming with life. Narrow they are, yet well paved and mostly steep, for the town inclines sharply up hill from the harbor. Down through everyone of them rushes a swift torrent of water from some source in the hills. This water is the greatest boon of St. Pierre. It is clear as crystal and copious as the day, and gurgles unceasingly from every gutter. So ample and generous is the supply that even the soilage and sewage of the town do not wholly defile it, a fact the more surprising as every foul thing goes into these open sewers.

The principal thoroughfare of St. Pierre is the Rue Victor Hugo, and its shops and sights are equal to anything in

Naples. Some of the business blocks are gaudily painted in checks of red and blue, and black and orange. Many of the houses have balconies; and tenements above the shops are frequent. White people are few and far between, but every shade of color is represented from palest mulatto to Congo ebony. As in Antigua and Dominica, the policemen are usually coal black negroes and wear white helmets.

Every sort of portorage is borne upon the head, furnishing no end of picturesque bits for camera and sketch-book. How a woman could carry a water-jar, or the day's provender, or a heavy box, without the slightest sign of danger or damage was a never-failing puzzle. We saw a man "toting" a heavy plank almost thirty feet long, in this way.

St. Pierre, like most of the West Indian towns, has its self-appointed pilots, who follow strangers about, and

the usual swarm of beggars ; but they are much more restrained than in some of the other islands, and as they speak nothing but French, are more easily kept aloof. The fact that Martinique is French is never lost sight of. The street signs, the firm names, the placards and coinage all tend to keep it constantly in mind, and there is a *chic* and style about things that we had not noticed elsewhere. Even the turbans are gayer and tied with a distinctive grace.

One of the sights of St. Pierre is a swarming market, where a thousand people cackle incessantly in the French tongue, and comestibles of every sort are displayed for sale, including no end of tropical fruits of seductive appearance and insipid flavor. The fish market is particularly interesting from the strange sorts of fish exhibited. Bread is baked in loaves of odd shape, having points on either end, which, I was told, are used

exclusively for handling it, and are broken off and thrown away before the loaf is eaten—a touch of fastidiousness that has something to recommend it. Running about this market, as everywhere else in St. Pierre, one sees a disgusting type of hairless dog, that seems to be greatly in favor.

Martinique has three hundred and eighty square miles of territory, and a total population of 154,000, of which 25,000, as I have said, live at St. Pierre. Almost as large a town is Fort de France, on the other side of the island, noted as the birthplace of Napoleon's ill-starred consort, the Empress Josephine, and containing a monument to her memory. About thirty-five people from our ship chartered a steamboat and went over to Fort de France, mainly to see the place where Josephine was born, a matter in which I, personally, had but little concern.

Just here let me correct a curious error of the guide-books which state that Martinique is the suppositious scene of the story of Paul and Virginia, whereas Mauritius in the Indian Ocean is the true location of that pathetic little tale, as it would seem that everybody ought to know.

At noon, upon returning to the ship for lunch, our attention was attracted to the diving boys, who, since morning, had been paddling about in quest of pennies. Every island has its own peculiar trick of boat building, and the Martinique boats, most characteristic, are frail little punts of rude construction, and just about big enough to keep a boy afloat. Bits of wood, like shingles, are used for paddles, and worked rapidly in alternation, the young boatman facing the direction in which he is going. The speed these lads attain is surprising, but not half so surprising as their wonderful skill in the

water. Destitute of clothing except a loin cloth, they seem as truly amphibious as frogs.

Toss a penny over and half a dozen or more black figures plunge into the depths like mad, one of whom is sure to come up with the coin in his mouth. The little boats fill and the paddles float away, but swimming alongside, the owner calmly spills out the water, deftly jumps in, and, using his hands for propelling power, recovers his paddles and is soon vociferous for another opportunity.

There are lighters alongside our ship receiving cargo, sometimes two rows of them, one outside the other. The ship itself draws thirty feet. Yet these lads easily dive down on one side, and swimming beneath both ship and lighters reappear on the other.

Perhaps no single sight in St. Pierre is more amusing, aside from the life and

traffic of the streets, than the tramway which makes occasional trips from point to point. The cars are rude, cramped and unpainted, a young woman acts as conductor, and a single disconsolate mule furnishes the power. The driver toots a brass horn continually as a warning for people to get out of the way.

In late afternoon, with one companion, I climbed Mt. Rouge, one of the most accessible of the environing hills, earning by hard exertion an attractive panorama of sea and shore, in which mountains, city and ocean combined most picturesquely with a wealth of glorious vegetation. The Madiana, lying in the harbor, was but a dot on the waters.


In the evening we went to the opera, to witness a representation of "La Belle Hélène." A large and demonstrative audience was assembled, such an audience as I never had seen before, with blacks and whites intermingled, and the blacks

predominating. All things considered, the performance was not discreditable. But the real show was the audience. There were dignified men and beautiful women of various hues and shades, richly and appropriately dressed; and in the upper galleries were shining black faces set off by the gayest of turbans. Between each act a long intermission occurred, in which nearly the entire audience vacated the seats, and the wealth and fashion of Martinique of every color paraded up and down the foyer. We left at eleven, at the close of the second act.

Notwithstanding electric street lights, our little knot of pleasure seekers was glad to keep together as we approached the dark water front, the reputation of the town being none too good. But excepting a wild wrangle of words between rival boatmen on the pier, we had no trouble in getting off to the ship, whence we arrived about midnight.

VII.

Saint Lucia.

T. LUCIA next! These islands are but a hand's breadth apart. From Dominica to Martinique it is thirty-five miles; from Martinique to St. Lucia, our next island, it is forty-eight miles. The run was made at night, and we found ourselves, in early morning, made fast to the pier at Castries, the principal port. For the first time since leaving Bermuda we were not obliged to leave the ship in boats in order to go ashore, and the change was a welcome one.

Castries is a town of about 7,000 people, and has a fine, landlocked harbor, the best in the Caribbee Islands. It is fortified with all the skill and science of modern military engineering,



yet so cleverly that your attention is scarcely drawn to the fact. It is Great Britain's chief coaling station in this part of the world, and is well-nigh impregnable. The island has a population of 31,000 and a history of one hundred and fifty years of warfare between the English and the French. What the English gained by struggle and carnage they evidently mean to keep.

Immediately upon going ashore we were struck with the superior good order of the island. It was a relief not to be harassed and followed about as in the other islands; and, after Martinique, it was pleasant to hear the English language again. Homes were neater and set in ampler grounds, and streets were well paved and swept but not entirely free from evil smells. The day was hot and stifling, so that the public reading-room, to which we were heartily made welcome, seemed delightfully

pleasant; and the open, grassy square, with its fine old trees and seats, looked shady and inviting. Next we visited the public gardens, limited in area, but containing some of the grandest palms and other tropical foliage that we had yet seen. It was here that we saw our first banyan tree.

The appearance of St. Lucia from the harbor of Castries was not attractive. The island looked rather scorched and lacking in verdure, but the adjacent hills held out a promise of something better; so, after lunch, two of us, desiring to test the scenic possibilities of the neighborhood, hired a carriage and ascended to one of the heights beyond the town. The way was zigzag, and the grades steep, but the road-bed was fine and smooth. The carriage, however, was a dilapidated old thing that rattled constantly, and seemed about to shake apart, and the horse had a way of misbe-

having in just the worst places possible ; but we reached the summit without accident, and, looking over the crest, saw a mountainous country, fading into gray distance and blurred by gathering rains. The scene was vivid in its coloring. A green, tropic world, dappled here and there with the shadows of clouds and arched over by a sky all blue and white. In the opposite direction, and right below us, the little town and the wide, bright bay ! In the offing, the smoke of an ocean steamer outward bound !

All day we had been meeting khaki-clad soldiers. We had passed them on the road climbing up, and lo ! here at the top were barracks a-plenty, and more barracks making, and a military cast to everything. Across the harbor the glass revealed great bodies of men at work fortress building, and we were told of immense disappearing guns, which no stranger may approach, lurking behind

sundry innocent-looking hills. For years the British government has been at work here, building forts and planting guns in a stealthy and stupendous way. To what end?

Approaching rain somewhat hastened our journey down, and we got back to the ship just in season to escape a wetting. The downpour interrupted a bit certain coaling operations going on all day on a steamship next our own; the method of unloading coal being to send it ashore in baskets on the heads of women, two lines of ragged, half-clothed women passing constantly up and down the gang plank;—"a sight to shudder at, not to see!"

Our tarry at St. Lucia was short, but not before we had a chance to do a little shopping, visit several schools, and find out something about the dreaded serpent of Martinique and St. Lucia, the *fer-de-lance*. This snake is found solely on these

two islands, and not only has a deadly bite, but an aggressive way of asserting himself. Unlike most other snakes, he is said to prefer the public road and the garden path to the thick tangle of woods. The only specimen I saw was preserved in a jar of alcohol, and was certainly a formidable and repulsive reptile. Since the introduction of the mongoose into St. Lucia, he is said to be getting scarce, and is rarely seen now near the town.

At four o'clock our ship left the dock and stood out to sea, gliding swiftly for many miles along the green shores of St. Lucia. At 5.30 we passed the twin volcanic cones, known as the Pitons, which rise from the ocean level to an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, sheer, majestic and seemingly inaccessible. At this point the scenery reminds one of Norway, and was enhanced this day by strange and beautiful atmospheric effects

combined of soft cloud, a saffron sky and a broken rainbow of intense brilliancy. Rain and the dinner gong came at about the same time, the sea all the while getting rougher, and in mid-evening working up to quite a respectable swell.



VIII.

Barbados.

THERE are certain places that impress one pleasantly at first and afterward pall upon the taste. There are others that grow in interest the longer one knows them. In the latter class the writer would place Barbados. Looking back upon our recent trip to the Caribbee Islands, I can think of no one of them that seems to beckon us back again more cordially to the soft blandishments of the south.

That is not because Barbados is lovelier than the others. Indeed, speaking comparatively, it appears low and tame. It is not because life in its commoner aspects is more alluring, for perhaps nowhere on earth shall you see a

more swarming population than here; albeit, thanks to British control, a more orderly and quiet population than some of the other islands can boast.

The charm is elusive, yet very real. Principally, no doubt, it is a matter of climate, in which this island has few rivals in the world. For a good half the year the northeast trade winds blow steadily, and the temperature in the shade remains constantly at about eighty by day and seventy-five by night, rarely varying more than two or three degrees from these figures. Moreover, the sea-bathing is salubrious, and there are large and comfortable hotels. Fine estates, delightful white society and a background of historic past are other elements of the charm. Finally, there is garrison life, with its gaiety and glamour.

I can scarcely think of a place where one could give himself up more indolently to vacation delights, or recuperate

more pleasantly from overwork or nervous collapse. As a sanitarium for persons of weak lungs it should surpass any of the noted health resorts I have ever visited ; and there are few of those trying changes of weather that occur elsewhere. One of these days this odd corner of the world will, perhaps, be better known and appreciated by Americans than it is to-day.

In the colonial era, Barbados was far more closely associated with Massachusetts and Virginia than it is now. These three colonies were practically coincidental in time of settlement, and are often mentioned together in the writings of that period as of nearly equal importance. A brisk commerce sprang up between Massachusetts and the Sugar Islands, as they were then called, and there was much passing from one colony to another, and, consequently, much unanimity of feeling. Thomas Maule, the some-

what noted Quaker, came to Salem from Barbados, and George Washington, when a young man, visited that island. Strangely enough, and this is a fact generally overlooked, it was the enterprise of the New Englanders in promoting intercolonial trade with the West Indies that excited the jealousy of the commercial classes in the old country, and was one of the causes that ultimately led to American independence.

At the risk of going too far afield, I am tempted to add that, contrary to the notion of many people, the American Revolution did not spring primarily out of the taxation following the French and Indian War, nor did it owe its inception mainly to the utterances of Sam. Adams and other agitators. Its beginning must be looked for, at least a hundred years anterior to the battle of Lexington, in the hostility of British merchants who followed the growth and expansion of the

colonies with jealous eyes, and were forever trying by parliamentary methods to block the wheels of American trade. This is a curious chapter of history and it can be traced in the utterances of Burke, Chatham and Lord Mansfield, the writings of Ramsay, Adam Smith and others. In the well-known diary of Evelyn, one of the courtiers of Charles II, it is narrated that having gone to council on the 6th of May, 1670, there was a long debate about the condition of New England, and the "fear of their breaking from all dependence on this nation." Then "Coll. Middleton being called in assur'd us they might be curb'd by a few of his Matys first rate fregats, *to spoil their trade with the islands.*"

Observe that this occurred more than a hundred years before the colonists and the home government came into actual collision, unless one chooses to cite, as such, the antagonisms aroused by the

usurpations of Governor Andros. According to Burke, there were twenty-nine acts of parliament between 1660 and 1764 framed against the interest of the Americans. In 1733 a bill, known as the "sugar colony bill," was introduced into parliament, the purpose being to keep American manufactures out of the West India Islands. The Rhode Island and Providence Colony sent in a most vigorous protest in which they "humbly conceived" that "the bill now depending, if passed into a law, would be highly prejudicial to their charter," whereat Mr. Winnington remarked: "I hope the petitioners have no charter which debars this House from taxing them as well as other subjects of this nation." *

Such continual hectoring at length

*The present West Indian colonies are the struggling survivors of similar systems which controlled all the new world in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In them we see the culmination of four centuries of strangulation and restriction resulting from the system.—ROBERT T. HILL.

produced the inevitable and dreaded result—American independence.

On Saturday, February 23, we completed a run of 110 miles from St. Lucia, early in the morning entering Carlisle Bay and anchoring off the brisk little city of Bridgetown. Bridgetown is a true seaport, and the trade center of this part of the world. Craft of every sort are in its harbor, and great steamers of various lines constantly come and go. You can make connections here for north or south, for London or Bermuda or Trinidad or South America. Usually there is a representative of the British navy at anchor here—at the time of our visit it was H. M. S. Charybdis.

Seen from the harbor, Bridgetown has a more solid and substantial look than most West India towns, and there are several modern buildings of architectural grandeur, the cathedral, for instance, and a new insurance building that would do

credit to New York. There are also numerous fine shops, where all sorts of commodities are sold, and at least one full-fledged department store. Few of the store people are white ; in fact, out of a total population of 180,000 in the whole island, only about 30,000 are white. Density of population compels industry ; hence one finds in Barbados a thrifty and energetic race of blacks, among whom there is a fair average of intelligence. Almost every foot of land is under cultivation.

To the Barbadians, their little island of one hundred and sixty square miles seems the most important part of the world, and an earthly paradise ; naturally, therefore, they are prone to magnify its extent and population. A gentleman from our ship asked a dusky policeman : "About how many people are there on the island?" "About three million, I think, sir!" was the unexpected answer.

"You surprise me," said the passenger, quietly, "I did not think there were over two million." "Oh, yes, sir," replied the officer, "I'm quite sure there are between two and three million." So then, when I avouch a fair degree of intelligence for the islanders I must not be understood to mean that they are necessarily good at figures.

It is a pleasure to ramble aimlessly about the narrow streets of Bridgetown, taking note of the quaint and curious life one finds there. It is good, for a change, to be unmolested by beggars and hangers-on, for people in Bridgetown sedulously mind their own business. The sidewalks are so narrow that it is well to keep to the middle of the road, at the risk of being jostled by people bearing merchandise on their heads. I see no more of the gay turbans of Martinique, deftly knotted with little, vertical ends. The turbans here are white and untasteful, like the

entire dress; or, rather, white was the original color.

Many of the houses have balconies which overhang the sidewalks, and help to shade them. It is very comfortable in the shade, but the sun's rays are fierce. A sun umbrella is a good thing to have along, and the best clothing is white duck and flannel. Straw hats or cork helmets are indispensable.

There are several curiosity shops in Bridgetown, where all sorts of things can be bought, from a stuffed alligator to a sea-fan. Shells and coral are beautiful and cheap. Barbadian women, like the Mexicans, are expert at drawn work, in linen, and some pretty patterns of this work can be had for souvenirs. But the peanut-shaped baskets we had admired at St. Croix, and the mimosa seed work that was so cheap at Antigua were not to be obtained.

One of the foremost institutions of the

town is the Ice House, a tavern with shady balconies, where sea-captains and others do much resort for food and drink. The delicacy *par excellence* is flying-fish, but any sort of refreshment is to be had, if one has shilling and pence, and there is an air of conviviality about the place that doubtless appeals strongly to many people. Every stranger is welcome at the Ice House, and some tarry long at the wine.

Over at Hastings, two and a half miles away, is the Marine Hotel, an immense caravansary with three hundred rooms and an international fame. Hastings is a watering place and looks it. It is joined to Bridgetown so closely that there is scarcely a perceptible break between the towns. The cheapest means of access is by street railway ; or "tramway" as they would call it. While not strictly an up-to-date institution, the tramway here is far ahead of the Martinique idea. These

cars are neat and comfortable, and drawn by two mules, instead of by one as at St. Pierre, Martinique.

Exceedingly pleasant looks the sea at Hastings, with variously tinted water, suggesting Bermuda. Indeed the sea-bottom and the island itself are coralline, like Bermuda, therefore brilliantly white and luminous. Near the beach is an open pavilion where a band is wont to play in late afternoon. Morning and evening is the day of the tropics. When the sun mounts high all the world sleeps.

In Barbados, at the time of our visit, there were great posters everywhere announcing the death of the Queen and the accession of King Edward to the British throne. We had seen them at Bermuda and at St. Lucia, and were destined to meet with them again in British Guiana. The days of mourning for Victoria had not yet elapsed, so that in

any of the garrison towns there was no merry-making. That is why the band did not play at Hastings. But I should like to go back there again some moonlight night and breath that pure sea air and listen to the music.

There are fine estates near Hastings, gay with flowers and grand with fine old trees, set well back from the road between massive stone walls, in the true English fashion. One place, called "The Banyans," is notable for its magnificent banyan trees.

The island has many miles of driveways into the interior, leading through wonderful scenery to various fine establishments. The residence of the Governor is called Farley Hall, and has a picturesque entrance avenue of palms. There are noble churches and residences, and other attractions, but, unfortunately, our time was all too short to see as much of them as we could have wished. On

the opposite coast of the island is a watering place called "Bathsheba," reached by a very good railway that runs across country, sometimes through cane fields, to its destination. Members of our party who made the trip to Bathsheba were enthusiastic in praise of the beautiful coast scenery to be enjoyed there.

One of our days at Bridgetown was Sunday, and we improved it by attending service at the garrison church. We were obliged to remain outside until the sailors and soldiers had been seated, and were then welcomed to seats. First came the sailor lads from the *Charybdis* in uniform, headed by a lively band of music. Then, from another direction, beyond the green Savannah, we caught the strains of another band, as the soldiers came marching from their barracks. Among these was a colored regiment, wearing turbans and sashes of

red and yellow. It was a strange and picturesque congregation that assembled in the church, and the wave of melody that ascended with the first hymn was inspiring. The young rector preached a practical lenten sermon, and was listened to with profound attention. Through each wide-open door and window cool breezes entered as they would, and heavy foliage whispered and rustled outside. It was a glorious February morning.

Later in the day the Madiana made preparations for her departure. The afternoon light upon the hills, looking shoreward from the ship, brought out the bright green of sugar-cane far inland ; also lines of palm trees ; mansion houses ; and tall windmills, with waving arms. We could discern, dimly, through the glass, many objects of interest, and were sorry to depart without having had opportunity of closer acquaintance with this fascinating isle.

At six o'clock the throbbing of the screw gave token that we were again underway, and soon the ship was out again upon the tossing sea. The sky grew black, the surges heavy, and there was promise of wind and rain. Awnings were taken down, and all things made fast in preparation for a run of four hundred miles to the mainland of South America.



IX.

British Guiana.

HALF asleep in our bunks the second night after leaving Barbados, we were suddenly conscious that the engine had stopped. Then followed a peculiar churning and throbbing of the screw and then dead silence. Evidently something was the matter.

It was nearly dawn. Rising and proceeding hastily to the forward deck I found the ship men busy taking sounding, a wise precaution on approaching the northern coast of South America, where the water shallows dangerously many miles from land. The throbbing and pounding we had noticed were caused by reversing the engines in order

to check the headway and make the lead fall vertically in the water. The ship was groping its way cautiously toward the shore.

When morning broke it revealed an expanse of yellow, turbid water, and a rainy sky. Then a line of low, leaden coast presented itself at the horizon far ahead. "That's South America over there!" said somebody, whereat we strained our eyes to get a better view of it. There was not much to see. Only the dull, blurred line of coast and a few faint, perpendicular marks, said to be plantation chimneys. A French mail ship was steaming slowly over the distant bar toward a harbor; and, after waiting a little until the tide should rise, the *Madiana* cautiously followed suit.

No "stern and rockbound coast" here—nothing but muddy flats and alluvial deposit! Still it was the edge of a great continent, and therefore interesting. Far

inland we knew there must be snow-capped mountains, and flashing streams and dense forests and rare forms of life.

Passing the bar in safety we crept into a river and presently came up to the wharves and warehouses and shipping and noise and bustle of a thriving seaport. We had arrived at Georgetown, Demerara, chief city of British Guiana, and soon were at the dock.

Georgetown has an English administration and a cosmopolitan population of about 60,000. Negroes, Coolies, Chinese, Portuguese and native Indians jostle each other in its streets, along with the resident English. It is a commercial city, and has every indication of a thriving trade. There are broad avenues, excellently graded. These are drained by canals in the center of the road, which are spanned by bridges at the intersection of the streets. Fine shops of

every kind abound, where one can purchase all the best manufactures of Europe and America ; and there is a great market-house, the Stabroek Market, teeming with comestibles and domestic wares. Many of the buildings are architecturally imposing, such as the Governor's mansion, the Court House, Post-office, churches and hotels. A trolley line, with brand-new equipment and brilliantly painted cars, began running the day of our arrival, and is equal in every respect to any line of street cars we ever saw.

The aspect of Georgetown is tropical. Many of the houses are built on high posts and piers to avoid dampness, and have closed verandahs and balconies, whose latticed windows, opening to the ceiling, keep out the hot sun, but admit the full sweep of air. Shade trees of many kinds abound, among which we ✓ noticed the red blossomed *Spathodia* and the gorgeous *Flamboyant*. This tree,

also known as the Royal Poinciana, we had first observed in the Island of Antigua, where the immense seed pods of the previous season made it conspicuous, there being no hint of flower or foliage. Here it was just coming into bloom, and furnished a sight most fascinating. Imagine a broad, spreading tree, with just a hint of tender green leaves, covered all over with brilliant red flowers, the color of a scarlet geranium. It is startling! superb! magnificent! One Flamboyant tree lights up the whole landscape.

No element of the motley population of this city is so unusual and picturesque as the coolies. These people are brought hither from Hindoostan under government contracts, extending over a term of years. At the end of his time each man is allotted a piece of land, or is entitled, instead, to free transportation back to India. Something of the kind prevails also in the island of Jamaica. The colonial

governments are said to be scrupulous in their dealings with the coolies, who find the arrangement a satisfactory one, and are steady and willing workers, though slight in build and rather lacking in physical strength.

This importation of coolie labor is said to be owing to the shiftlessness and untrustworthy character of the South American negro. No man will work harder than the negro when he chooses, but when he wishes to indulge in a fit of laziness no power on earth can make him work, and pressure of neither time nor business are sufficient to overcome his inertia. An attack of indolence is likely to come on just when his services are most depended upon. Hence the coolies! and it will not surprise the reader to learn that they are not highly regarded by the average darkey, and are, to a considerable extent, the victims of his animosity.

The coolies lend an oriental touch to the streets of Georgetown. One sees them in little groups, under the palm trees: men, women and children of all ages, and every variety of picturesque dress—and undress. Some of the women are handsomely garbed, wearing beautiful silk turbans and adorning themselves with bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and nose rings. These, however, are of the higher caste, and there are likewise priests and merchants, decked in gay raiment of various sorts. But the average laboring man is clothed scantily, wearing, as a general thing, nothing more than a light shirt and loin cloth. Bare arms and legs soon cease to seem unusual, but nothing could make the coolie commonplace.

Child of poverty though he be, he carries himself with a dignity and a gravity almost pathetic, thereby affording a strange contrast to the laughing, care-

less blacks. His thin lips are closely pressed together, his steadfast eyes are mournful in expression. He is an uncomplaining king, degraded by mischance to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water ; and wearing his rags like a royal robe. Sublimely unconscious or heedless of observation he squats complacently in the streets, apparently lost in thought. Venders deal out water to the thirsty, barbers ply their trade openly, and there are a hundred sights that remind you of the far east. Among such are a gaily-painted Mohammedan mosque, and shops where only the wares of India are exposed for sale.

The grandest sights in Georgetown are those afforded by the Botanic Garden. This is situated in the outskirts of the city, and is easily reached by carriage through broad avenues where, on either side of the road, stretch colonnades of royal palms, whose smooth trunks, topped

with green plumage, rise to an even level as far as eye can see.

There are strange forms of vegetation : the cork tree, the cannonball tree, with huge fruits that do not belie its name ; and, as we draw nigh to the park, we come to long trenches containing water, where grow luxuriantly the Egyptian lotus and the gigantic pads of the Victoria Regia, the lily of the Amazon. The air is filled with the fragrance of its magnificent flowers. So many varieties of palm adorn these majestic gardens, and such a wealth of other trees and flowers, unknown to us before, that it was plain that we had come at last into the very heart of the equatorial belt. As a matter of fact, the Demerara harbor light is in latitude six degrees, forty-nine minutes, north.

But we were destined, a few of us, at least, to penetrate nearly an hundred miles further into the interior, and this is

how it happened. There are steamboats running up the Demerara River, and it had been suggested that we make up a party to go up the river as far as the village of Wismar, then cross by a short line of railroad to the Essequibo River and pass the night at a settlement called Rockstone, where there was said to be a fairly comfortable hotel. At first this idea seemed popular, and there bid fair to be a good-sized party. Then doubts began to creep in.

First, somebody discovered that the river boats were poor and primitive, and perhaps not entirely safe; also that they frequently carried a crowd of rough and disorderly miners bound for the diggings. Next, a man came aboard the Madiana, who knew a man who knew somebody else who said that the so-called hotel at Rockstone was nothing but a shack, with no accommodations to speak of, and that it would be necessary to sleep in ham-

mocks in the open air. There was talk of fever and snakes and insect pests and wild beasts. Finally, one of the stewards of the ship volunteered the information that there was nothing interesting up the river anyway—"nothing there but the bush!" That settled it. The party dwindled, and next morning only thirteen persons appeared with their belongings on board the river boat; in this case, not an unlucky number, as it turned out.

X.

Demerara River.

THE steamboat on which we embarked for the excursion up the Demerara River was called the Essequibo, and was commanded by a creole, Captain Northey, a quiet, companionable gentleman, who showed us every attention. The owners, the Sprotons Company, Limited, of Demerara, desiring to make our trip as pleasant as possible, had put on their very best boat, as clean and sweet as scrubbing and fresh paint could make it. The entire saloon deck was set apart for our exclusive use and benefit. As soon as we discovered that we were really embarked upon a little picnic party of our own, and especially when seated at a bountiful table



and regaled with all the luxuries of the country, not forgetting ice-cream, we gave ourselves up to mirth and jollity and leisurely appreciation of the scenery.

Just here let me say that the Demerara is as much the highway of this part of Guiana as the Hudson is of eastern New York. British Guiana is divided politically into three sections, known respectively as Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice, and of these Demerara is the most important. Nearly the whole of Essequibo, it will be remembered, was claimed by Venezuela at one time, the contention being that the true boundary between Venezuela and Guiana was the Essequibo River. This contention was supported by the United States through President Cleveland and Secretary Olney, but was not maintained by the court of arbitration, to which the whole matter was referred. It was some gain, how-

ever, to bring the matter to a focus, as there can be no reasonable doubt that the British were pushing their somewhat indefinite claims so as to ultimately get a foothold on the Orinoco River, and thus control one of the richest regions in South America. I am bound to add, however, that, in view of the good government of Guiana, and the unsettled conditions so frequently prevailing in Venezuela, there is some justification for the British claim that order, enterprise and progress would follow in their wake.

In comparing the Demerara to the Hudson I refer merely to its relation to the surrounding country, since there is, of course, no comparison of the streams themselves; yet the Demerara is a broad, majestic river, with characteristics of its own. At the beginning of our journey it seemed very broad with low shores, beyond which a flat, dull country ex-

tended far and wide. The water was thick and muddy. Soon we approached banana plantations, where little thatched huts perched on stilts afforded tokens of human life. Then we began to see dug-out canoes, and the rude dwellings of the "boviander" or half-breed Indian, with dragonsblood and other red-leaved plants, planted by the open door—to keep away witches, we were told. Now and then we met charcoal barges headed down stream, propelled, perhaps by a huge palm leaf used as a sail.

The "bush" itself had an unfailing interest for us. Vegetation comes to the very edge of the water and reaches into the stream, a large arum called the mocca-mocca, with calla-shaped leaves, always in the front rank. Intermingled with it are the courida, and the wild mango, and behind these the diversified foliage of the forest. Plantations and settlements, such as there are, are com-

pletely hidden away, except as there are clearings near dwellings, and it is a constant struggle for a planter in that winterless region to keep down the vegetation always crowding into cultivated land. Let him relax his efforts for a time, and fields and house alike are swallowed up by the insatiable woods.

A miner on the boat pointed out the more interesting trees; tolu and manacole palms, the eta palm, the trumpeter tree, *lignum vitæ*, mahogany, silver-bally and greenheart. Silver-bally is the principal tree for fine cabinet work. The tolu palm furnishes thatching material for the huts, and is also used in medicine. The greenheart is the most valuable timber tree, sinks in water, and is almost indestructible. Seventy miles up the river we came to a Norwegian bark loading greenheart for Oban, Scotland.

Long before reaching this place, however, the stream had narrowed and taken

on a rich amber tint, at length becoming glassy, and reflecting, as in a mirror, the greenery of the overhanging woods. The day was perfect, the sky slightly overcast, thus tempering the burning rays of the sun. There was a delightful breeze. Scissorstails and other large birds circled above the tree tops, indicating that the good weather would continue.

Our friend, the miner, informed us that the woods were the home of the baboon; and that the jaguar, the puma and the anaconda were found therein; also that he had roamed the forest far and wide, and never saw a wild beast that would not run from man if he had a chance. At Georgetown some of us had made the acquaintance of the eminent scientist, Mr. J. Rodway, author of a standard book upon the Guiana forest, who advanced a similar opinion. However, there were several splendid serpents

in Mr. Rodway's custody at the Georgetown museum that we should prefer not to meet in the forest.

Arriving at Wismar, our destination, we found Mr. Goring, agent of the steamboat line. As there were several hours to wait before the little railroad train should start across country for Rockstone, he favored our suggestion that we be given an opportunity to enter the heart of the forest, following one of the numerous creeks that empty into the Demerara. A large bateau was provided, with four stalwart blacks for oarsmen. Of the thirteen in our party, five were ladies, and each and every one of us entered into the spirit of the adventure with enthusiasm.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. As we passed out of the main stream into the creek, we entered a place of stillness and enchantment, where overarching boughs met high above our

heads and reflected themselves in the calm water. Oars were discarded for paddles, and thus we crept on, almost in silence, around curves, into semi-darkness and gloom. The trees were grand beyond words, and the great, woody vines hung down from them like ropes. At every turn it seemed that we might no further go, and still the enchanted stream opened a way and beckoned us to mysteries beyond.

It became imperative at last to turn back, but before doing so we left the bateau and followed an Indian trail afoot, along a dim forest path, where mosses, ferns and flowers of strange form and color afforded a feast of delights. The experience brought back to us the story-books we used to read about the regions of the Amazon.

On our way out we met an Indian canoe stealing in, one man paddling, another with bow and arrow ready to

shoot fish. Emerging into the river again, we crossed to the other bank ; and, with our colored oarsmen for guides, took another forest trail and visited an Indian village in the woods. Here we were kindly received by the women (the men were away), and had a chance to inspect the neat huts, thatched with tolu, and see how the people live. Cassava and pineapples were growing nearby, and in one of the buildings we found appliances for grinding, grating and straining cassava root so as to prepare cassava bread, the great domestic staple of South America. The manioc, or cassava, is a poisonous root that becomes harmless by cooking. Thin cakes are prepared from it, about two feet in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, which are universally eaten. We were permitted to try the bread and found it not unpalatable.

From Wismar to Rockstone is a matter

Cross Country to the Essequibo. 133

of about eighteen miles, and a narrow-gauge railroad having cars of primitive construction runs across the divide between the Demerara and Essequibo Rivers. At this place there appears to be no earth, save a fine white sand, and yet from the scant soil springs a gigantic forest growth. At one place, thanks to our kind friend, Mr. Goring, the train was held long enough for us to enter the greenheart forest, and inspect a typical Guiana farm. It was now late afternoon, the sun was sinking, and the parrots screaming in the woods. Not far away forest fires were raging. We remembered that we were three thousand miles from home.

It was a comfortable and tidy little inn that we found at Rockstone, well set in good grounds and shrubbery; and after we had been ushered into comfortable bed-rooms and partaken of a truly sumptuous feast, we waxed merry at the bug-

bears that had been conjured up at Georgetown. After dinner our little party rested a long time on the wide verandahs, feasting our eyes upon the moonlit Essequibo.

To explain the presence of so good a hostelry in so remote a spot it should be explained that railroad and hotel both owe their existence to the enterprise of the Sprotons Company, Limited, which also own the river boats on the Demerara. There are valuable gold mines far up the Essequibo River, and this river is safely navigable as far down as Rockstone, but between Rockstone and the coast are rapids and shallows where many fatal accidents have taken place.

Miners and mining engineers bound for the coast, now have an option of spending the night at Rockstone, crossing eighteen miles to the Demerara by railroad, and then proceeding down the latter river in comfort and safety.

The hotel is of a construction well adapted to the climate, with room partitions running only part way up to the ceiling, thus admitting a free circulation of air. Each bed is enshrouded in mosquito netting ; but neither mosquitoes or other disturbers came to mar our comfortable sleep.

Next morning we were up before the sun to enjoy the pleasure of a short steamboat ride in early morning on the noted Essequibo. Returning by railroad to Wismar, and thence again down the Demerara by boat, we found ourselves in late afternoon once more in Georgetown, ready to say goodbye to South America and shape our course toward the north star and home.


Monkeys and parrots galore were taken aboard the Madiana at Georgetown by enthusiastic passengers, and everybody had souvenirs of more or less value to carry away.

At ten o'clock on the evening of February 28, our ship sailed ; and not long afterward stuck fast in mud upon the bar. It was a matter of hours before she floated, causing a shade of annoyance, not to say anxiety, but some time in the night she got off, and before daybreak was shouldering great seas upon the Spanish Main.



XI.

Pleasant Days at Sea.

 LONG northward reach was now entered upon, a sail of nearly seven hundred miles, broken only by a call at Bridgetown, Barbados, where we stopped for mail for a few hours. It was a welcome resting spell, and our passengers gave themselves over unreservedly to languor and repose, drowsing away long hours in their deck chairs.

It was a time also of social chat and recreation, and the comparing of notes. There was much letter writing, and a few of the more enterprising among us played shovel board on the main deck, but not often, as the sea was running too high.

Not the least pleasant phase of such traveling experiences is the charming people one meets. That is true of any little journey in the world. It is particularly true of such a cruise as ours upon the Madiana, where the passengers are thrown together many days and become like one large family.

Ours was a well-seasoned company of globe-trotters, and the sum of our united travels would reach many times around the world. Speak of India and your *vis-à-vis* across the table would proceed to unfold a chapter of his personal experiences more delightful than anything you are likely to find in books; or the lady in the next steamer chair to your own would discourse volubly about China, or Japan, or the Indian Ocean. We had at least half a dozen passengers who knew Egypt and Palestine. Others had interesting stories of Hawaii and Russia, Algeria and Greece and Spain, or any

other country that you please. The scenic wonders of our own fair land were also household words on the Madiana.

Almost everything was discussed among us, from theology to bacteriology, but mostly we concerned ourselves with subjects growing out of our daily environment afloat and ashore. Strange constellations, and especially the Southern Cross, turned our thoughts naturally to matters astronomical. The life and habits of the islanders afforded opportunity to debate the race question and social ethics. Geographical subjects, of course, were ever uppermost, while geology, botany, navigation and state craft were never allowed to flag.

Previous impressions about the tropics were subject to considerable revision. Many of us had looked for fierce and intolerable heat, enervating and fever-breeding. Instead of that we found day after day of blue sky, with just clouds

enough to temper the ardent sunshine, and the purest of breezes forever blowing. The climate, though hot, was invigorating rather than depressing, and the moonlight nights were glorious. Of course, it is better to walk on the shady side of the street, to dress in cool, cotton clothing, and to carry umbrellas, but a good many of our party were not careful about such matters, yet each and all enjoyed most excellent health.

Another delusion concerns the wild life of the islands. Tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions and other insect pests exist, of course, and so do serpents, but even an observant traveler must search carefully to find them, and in some instances must travel into the heart of the wilderness. Wild monkeys are equally rare. As to the tropical fruits which are so pleasant to read about at home, you soon learn to place but little value upon them. A mango is a green

and yellow sort of thing with smooth skin, and a highly aromatic orange-colored pulp sticking firmly to a stony center, like a cling-stone peach. The star-apple resembles an egg-plant in color, that is to say, it is dark purple, and contains a little insipid sweet jelly. The sapodilla is a rusty-looking fruit with a pulp that some one has well called "sweet mud." Sour sops, guavas, mammy apples, custard apples, etc., are among the numerous things that few northerners care to try more than once. On the other hand there is a wee banana called the "fig," which is quite delicious; there is an orange that when ripe is bright green, but sweet and fine; and there is the invaluable green lime, that one gets to know better and to like better every day. It makes a delicious drink, a sort of lime lemonade, so to say.

But the cocoanut is the most characteristic edible fruit, and is the most refresh-

ing of any that we found in the tropics. You get a darkey to climb for a young, green nut and cut open one end with knife or cutlass, so that you may drink therefrom. There you have nectar and ambrosia, a cool, delightful draught, without a suspicion of malaria or fever germs. Now crack the nut and scoop out the delicious, white pulp. Everywhere in tropic lands the cocoanut is meat and drink.

It is impossible in anything so light and sketchy as this correspondence to make original observations of value concerning the West India islands, yet there are certain matters lying close to the surface that are not devoid of interest. As already said, each island has a marked individuality, yet it is also true that certain characteristics are common to them all.

For instance, almost every island has a swarming black population far outnum-

bering the whites. These blacks are quite unlike the colored people of our Southern states. While perhaps as irresponsible and improvident, they are far more independent, not to say insolent, in bearing, and are trained to more systematic habits of work. From a rigidly moral point of view their social practices are reprehensible, and it would be easy to present statistics to prove them lacking in moral sense. This is a matter that I do not care to go into here, but it seemed to some of us that things were not quite so bad as they seemed to be on the surface, and that some rude principle of right was more or less adhered to even when things seemed altogether wrong. It is not for lack of spiritual opportunity that any go astray, for churches do very much abound, and there are good elementary schools in all the islands.

But when all is said that Charity can offer, there is doubtless a deal of vice and

misery everywhere. It is shown by the unusual number of maimed and blind and deformed. You see it in such peculiar maladies as elephantiasis or swelling of the limbs, and by the universal prevalence of leprosy ; for be it known that every island has its leper population and its lazaretto.


A leisurely interchange of ideas was one of the chief benefits of the somewhat uneventful, but ever-memorable voyage from Demerara to St. Kitts. By no means, either, did we confine ourselves to topics suggested by our travels, but ventured boldly into controversies far beyond our intellectual depth, making assertions confidently, and perhaps recklessly, in regard to history and natural science, that for lack of reference books, none other might dispute.

The great strenuous world of industry and business was far away. No telegrams or newspapers came to break our

mood of indolence. Only the ship's bell marking off the hours, and the always welcome dinner gong, broke the restful monotony of the waves. So passed long days of rest and sunshine.

XII.

Saint Kitts and Saint Thomas.

NE of the loveliest of the West Indian islands is Saint Christopher's, commonly called Saint Kitts, a British island, and said to be the first where England planted her flag in the Caribbean Sea.

On our southern course we had run well in toward this island in the night time for the purpose of dropping off a passenger; and now we looked eagerly forward to greeting it in the broad light of day.

We arrived about two o'clock on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, over a rippling sea. We had been sailing gently along in sight of land all day, passing close to the island of Nevis, once

alert and prosperous, now hopelessly side-tracked and decadent and drowsing away the centuries in forgetfulness of all that formerly made it great.

Nevis is said to be studded with the ruins of noble country-houses. Once there were 20,000 people there, now only 12,000, mostly black. It was from Nevis that New England got the first tidings of the accession of William and Mary to the throne of England. A hundred years later the island colony still had vigor enough to furnish a man like Alexander Hamilton to the councils of the American Revolution. Now it is nothing; though still inviting to the eye, and fair to see as one views it from beneath the awnings of a passing steamer.

These islands are all more or less pyramidal, and at a distance seem actually to rest and float upon the waves. Their elevation renders them visible at great distances, and so, this Sunday

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morning, with Nevis in full view and St. Kitts looming grandly ahead, we could look back across the sea to shadowy blue cones more or less distinct, and identify them as Montserrat, Redonda and Guadeloupe.

The previous evening we had passed Martinique, and its outlier, Diamond Rock, an apparently inaccessible crag, 574 feet high. British sailors once managed to fortify, supply and garrison this rocky steep to the great annoyance of the Frenchmen in Martinique, who finally starved them out. Access up its almost perpendicular cliffs is said to have been accomplished by means of a line attached to a kite.

Nothing more peaceful and homelike can be imagined than the little town of Basseterre, St. Kitts, as we entered its crescent-shaped bay that Sunday afternoon. The village lies close to the sea, half hidden by cocoanut and cabbage

palms. The numerous red roofs lend a pleasant touch of color, and the ocean water here takes on an intense shade of blue, still further intensified by the green of the cane fields that in some places approach to the water's edge.

Behind the town are cultivated slopes, marked by plantation chimneys and groups of white stone buildings; thence the contour lines rise grandly to the ridge of Mount Misery where the picture culminates in the dark green of trees touched by the hem of trailing clouds. Mount Misery rises directly from the sea to the height of 4,314 feet, and looks the extinct volcano that it is. From the seams and crevices of its immense crater sulphur fumes still issue.

The shifting panorama, presented as the Madiana gradually drew up to the shore, attracted an enthusiastic crowd of kodakers and others to the forward deck, and no sooner was the anchor let go than

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the usual flotilla of small craft swarmed about the ship, affording further opportunity for picture making.

After the health officer had honored us with a visit, passengers were free to take boats and go ashore ; and soon the Sunday quiet of Basseterre was more or less interrupted by sightseers strolling about the streets.

Excepting Mount Misery, which we had not sufficient time to undertake, there is little to detain the tourist at St. Kitts. Its characteristics are similar to islands previously visited. There is quite as much poverty, perhaps, as in the other British islands, and that is saying a great deal ; but the blacks are not quite so intrusive or so clamorous for alms—at least not in Basseterre.

This town, with a population of about seven thousand, has a beautiful open park containing flowers and royal palms, a public square with a clock tower and

fountain, and a fair attempt at a botanic garden. The streets are reasonably tidy and there seemed to be a good many pleasant, well-kept homes, inhabited by people of taste. Many of these homes have attractive grounds and gardens. There are also one or two comfortable hotels. But alas, decay is written upon this former metropolis of the Leeward Islands, and it is no stranger to distress and revolt. The fallen fortunes of the sugar industry is, of course, the principal cause alleged.

There are good roads in St. Kitts and pleasant walks ; and it is possible to drive entirely around the island. And there are numerous jutting points and curving beaches where one may pick up handsome shells and watch the land crabs teetering about on long, spidery legs ; and from some of the elevations it is possible to obtain rare views of the sea. From such an offlook we saw the

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Madiana riding at anchor in the distance.

It was open house at the American Consulate that Sunday. A most intelligent lady, wife of Dr. Haven, the consul, had been a passenger with us on the downward trip; indeed the only passenger for this island. All the Madiana people were therefore invited most cordially to make the Consulate headquarters while at Basseterre, and most of us accepted the hospitality thus generously proffered.

Next forenoon at eleven, the Madiana proceeded to Sandy Point, another of the island ports. Some of the passengers elected to drive across the island to meet the ship; others preferred to remain on board and enjoy the extraordinary pleasure of a sail along the coast.

If two places may be compared that are so essentially unlike, I should say the trip suggested the sail around Mt. Desert. It afforded an ever-changing prospect of

mountains, ravines and cultivated land, all seen without the slightest effort or fatigue.

St. Kitts was one of the islands that formerly endured a divided nationality. The French settled at Basseterre, the English at Sandy Point. Each, of course, fortified against the other. Brimstone Hill, the site of the extensive British fortifications, is now given over to ruin and decay, and monkeys swarm in the deserted casemates. We passed quite close to the crumbling walls, which some of the passengers afterwards explored with care.

The day of Sandy Point has gone by. Mostly now a collection of negro shanties, it still preserves its streets, and faintly suggests better days. Also, still lingers here a remnant of commerce; for, upon the arrival of the *Madiana*, rude carts, each drawn by several oxen, were kept busy amid much shouting and

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plunging, bringing sugar for shipment.

Attempts at sight-seeing here were interfered with by the horde of beggars that promptly swooped down upon us. Nowhere else had we seen poverty so extreme or impudence so aggressive. No policemen, as at Basseterre, stood ready to hold the crowd in check, and the few of us who ventured forth were soon ready to retreat. We were offered a faded hibiscus blossom for a penny, and a piece of orange peel for a sixpence.

Sailing away in the moonlight, that evening, we passed close to the Dutch island of Saba, also an extinct volcano, whose few hundred people live in the old crater at the top. No lighthouse lifts its beacon from the shores, no friendly lamp shines out from any window. We saw only a phantom haystack rising from the water, lonesome and apparently without inhabitants.

Saint Thomas was not originally in-

cluded in our itinerary, but upon petition of the passengers, Captain Frazer, ever ready to grant a reasonable request, kindly consented to take us there. The *Madiana* was accordingly headed for that island, one of the three that Denmark has offered to sell to the United States.

During the night there were frequent showers, and shortly after daybreak, as we entered the deep-set harbor of Charlotte Amalie, a gorgeous double rainbow of intense brilliancy arched above the town, and framed it in. Even without a rainbow the town is worth looking at. For the most part it is perched upon three moderate elevations close to the shore, is well and compactly built, and looks quite like a brisk commercial city. The buildings are of good size, several stories in height, and present a picturesque array of red roofs. Above the town the land runs up to a goodly height, as it does on three sides of the harbor, but

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the hills look barren and unproductive.

The harbor, nearly land-locked, is also spacious and safe, making St. Thomas a refuge for sailing craft, and an eligible coaling station for naval vessels. Already several countries enjoy special privileges there, among which the United States is not one. With the flags of many nations in its harbor, it presents an appearance of business that fuller inquiry fails to sustain.

Indeed, after you have tramped about the principal streets for an hour or two, and looked into all the shop windows, you begin to wonder how a city like this, in so remote a spot, destitute of manufactures, and with no back country to maintain it, can manage to keep things going as well as it does. The population is about 14,000.

The great staple is bay rum, a product for which St. Thomas is widely famed; and there are as many persons claiming

to distil the best bay rum as there are manufacturers of the original Farina cologne water, in the city of Cologne. The bay leaves are said to come mainly from the neighboring island of Saint John, which also manufactures a basket of quaint construction, that is much in demand.

Although St. Thomas is politically Danish, there is little beside the coinage, the flag and the names of the streets in Charlotte Amalie to tell the story. The English language is spoken by every one. I may add that nearly every one talks of hard times, and looks forward longingly to the day when he shall become a resident of the United States; would it be well to add—a *citizen*?

Two old castles, built to last forever, occupy commanding eminences behind the town. The story of Bluebeard has been attached to one of them. They evidently antedate the city, and are said to

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have been strongholds of pirates in the old marauding, buccaneering days. This harbor was no stranger once either to pirates or slavers. When, as often happens, nowadays, a crippled ship puts in here for repairs, her owners are willing to believe that some of the descendants of pirates yet remain.

The last thing I did at Charlotte Amalie was to ascend one of the mountains that overlook the city. With a colored lad for guide, I reached the summit after a hot, hard climb, and looked out upon one of the fairest sea views imaginable.



XIII.

In the Track of the War.

EVERYTHING is Spanish but the flag! Such was the verdict of the Madiana's passengers after a brief opportunity to go ashore at San Juan, Porto Rico.

Pleasant, indeed, it was to greet the stars and stripes blowing out gaily from tall flag staffs, although, to speak truly, our banner did look a little out of place amid such queer surroundings; but it was the old flag just the same, and it did us good.

Except that radiant symbol, however, there was not the slightest thing to remind one of home, and it was as difficult to recognize the swarthy, furtive-looking Porto Ricans as compatriots, as it would

have been the inhabitants of other islands farther south.

That was only natural, of course, and precisely what we ought to have expected. But many of us had strangely overlooked the fact that it takes something more than a change of flags to transform the habits and racial traits of four hundred years.

San Juan presents a striking appearance, when viewed from the harbor. Many of the buildings are large in size, and of architectural pretensions, and some of them have facades gaily colored in green, pink, blue, brown and yellow. Docks and warehouses are substantial and business-like, and there is no lack of shipping; but everything, to American eyes, is foreign and outlandish.

The impression is heightened upon going ashore and rambling about. Civilization is here, but it is not our kind of civilization. Narrow streets are stirring

with life ; shops are large and fine ; but it all smacks of Europe, and of southern Europe at that. Architecture, balconies, dress, street signs, advertisements, everything—is Spanish, even to pictures of bull fights in the windows, and Spanish lace fans and mantillas. Nobody understands English, not even the policemen. It gives one a queer kind of shock to find even soldiers in the uniform of Uncle Sam unable to understand a word you say to them.

Porto Rico was so effusive in its welcome to the United States army under General Miles—in fact, was so overflowing in its appreciation of American liberty—that it is hard for an enthusiastic Yankee to bring himself to believe that Porto Ricans have no great love for their new-found brethren after all. Yet, I fancy that few people from the United States go to San Juan, even for a brief tarry, who do not imbibe such a notion. There is

an air of suppressed dislike, an undercurrent of ill-feeling easier to detect than to put in words. You get bare civility where you expected cordiality ; or, if you stray into back streets, you do well not to meet with jeers and insults.

Such, indeed, was the experience of many of our party, and of others with whom I talked, including some of the American soldiers at the fort, who were exceedingly bitter at things they had seen and heard. But a young American resident of San Juan informed me that the strong pro-Spanish feeling at San Juan does not extend to other parts of the island. I sincerely trust that this may be so and freely admit the folly of building opinions upon insufficient data.

The channel, connecting San Juan harbor with the sea, is narrow and dangerous, and is dominated, not to say defended, by the gigantic stone fortress known as the Morro. It was this fortifi-

cation that Admiral Sampson's ships pounded with heavy guns, making so little impression upon the soft, thick walls, that it is hard to find traces of their work. Several places were pointed out where damage had been done, including a sentry box, in which the Spanish sentinel was shot to pieces. Discolorations on the parapet, said to be blood stains, are shown to every visitor ; but the glorious sea views to be enjoyed here I found much more alluring.

The Morro reflects much credit upon the engineering skill of its designer, but seems hopelessly medieval and out of date. The Spanish guns yet remaining look quite imposing to a novice, but have no practical value against modern ordnance. As a labyrinth of walls, towers, secret passages and dungeons, the Morro certainly makes an appeal to the imagination ; and in its day, was really a wonderful piece of work.

The American flag aloft over such an anachronism as this is a kind of a surprise, even when you are looking for it; likewise to see it flying in the city over municipal palaces that are copiously inscribed in Spanish. One palace, formerly the residence of the Spanish governor, is now the official residence of Governor Allen, representative of the power and authority of the United States. This I visited, and found it to be a grand old edifice, beautifully decorated, and containing a few good paintings and other treasures of art. Governor Allen was not accessible, but his private secretary, Mr. Sleeper, extended every courtesy.

Not to be able to see more of Porto Rico was a matter of regret, but our scheduled time was too short to allow us to get far from the coast. However, some of us did visit the nearby town of Rio Piedras, perhaps ten miles away.

The town is nothing, but the way there by tramway and railroad affords some interesting glimpses of Porto Rican life.

Nowhere in the West Indies had we seen such fertile lands or such good cultivation, and, excepting Barbados, nowhere such a dense population. The train could hardly be called comfortable or modern, but it whirled us through villages and banana plantations, and afforded wide views of a beautiful country, green, hilly and richly luxuriant, flanked by a noble range of distant mountains. We saw oranges growing in abundance, and cocoanut groves surpassing any we had observed elsewhere on the whole trip.

The weather in this country is uniformly hot, and the humbler sort of people have reduced the matter of clothing to its lowest terms. Some of the children manage to live and grow without bothering about any clothing at all; an arrangement that seems to trouble nobody.

Sailing from San Juan in late afternoon, over quiet waters, we enjoyed some cloud effects of unusual beauty ; the horizon edge blending into a long blue line of tumbled coast, and the island thus slowly fading out of sight.

All next day we steamed along, close to the lonesome shores of San Domingo, seeing nothing of the land except thickly-wooded hills and a rocky coast, against which white breakers were plunging heavily. Not a house or sign of life was visible anywhere. There was more or less rain all this day, and toward night we struck a lumpy sea.

The following morning, clearing conditions prevailed. About the middle of the forenoon we got our first good look at Cuba, which had been in sight since early morning. The coast seemed surprisingly scrubby, not to say arid, and without the least hint of verdure and beauty, such as made the Caribbee

Islands fascinating; but the mountains were lofty and flecked with beautiful lights and shadows, and both sea and sky were unusually rich in color.

Approaching to within about a mile of shore we noticed a great dearth of harbors, but presently came to Guatanamo Bay, a familiar name in the days of the Spanish War. Here a narrow opening leads in to a large land-locked body of salt water.

Farther down the coast we saw the village of Daiquiri, and the long iron pier where our soldiers made their historic landing in the war with Spain. A little farther on was Siboney. We were now at the scene of the naval battle of July 3, 1898. For months these now deserted waters were crowded with the great iron ships of Admiral Sampson arranged in a semicircle around the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, awaiting the hour of fate. It came, one

Sunday morning; and after the uproar of guns had died away the pride of the Spanish navy lay scattered here and there along the shore.

Around yonder point the Spanish ships came out one by one to their doom. We see Morro Castle perched upon the height, and with a glass can discern the complexion of the flag floating over it. We thought of that Sunday morning when the smoke of the Spanish ships ascending high in air gave warning to the Yankee fleet that the enemy was really attempting to get away.

Straight under the walls of that gray, grim fort, into a very hell of fire, went Hobson and his crew in the collier Merrimac; seeking, if possible, to sink her in the "neck of the bottle" and thus block the narrow channel leading into Santiago harbor.

That channel is indeed narrow; and our eyes look steadily for some time to

search out the entrance. We pick up a pilot and note with pleasurable excitement how the Madiana puts suddenly about and steers directly for the land. A way opens and we go in.

Above us Morro Castle rises stern and formidable with its nooks and towers and frowning guns. So high upon the ramparts as to be scarcely perceptible, soldiers signal us with hats and handkerchiefs. We pass close to the wave-washed cavern under the fort where Hobson and his men agreed to rendezvous in case they should escape after blowing up the Merrimac; pass the Estrella battery; pass Socapa Point; pass the Merrimac itself, the bit that is left above the waves; pass so close to everything that it seems as if we must surely touch the shore, and then as the channel widens into the broader bay, take wide, sweeping curves from one side to the other until at length we anchor

safely in sight of the quaint old city of Santiago.

Strange, was it not, that this remote town, and not Havana, should have been the storm center of the war? Here was bombardment and dearth of food; here anchored Cervera's fleet; here Spain surrendered the last of her possessions in the new world.

And yet never did city look more peaceful and pleasant than Santiago, basking in the sunshine of this beautiful March day.

Upon going ashore the first thought was naturally of the adjacent battlefields. A carriage to take us to San Juan Hill, and a man who could speak English were promptly forthcoming.

San Juan is not so much of a hill, after all; and the blockhouse that formerly crowned the summit is already gone; but a rude monument has been erected to mark the site. The Spanish trenches

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were pointed out, and the slope up which the Rough Riders and the colored regulars made their famous charge.

We visited the famous silk cottonwood tree under which General Toral surrendered to the American general, and then drove out over an exceedingly rough road to the village of El Caney, and to the hill near by, the scene of General Lawton's splendid achievement. The blockhouse at the top is little more than a ruin, but *this* hill is steep, and the dislodgment of the well-intrenched Spaniards must have been an exceedingly tough proposition. The dead lay everywhere when the Spaniards finally broke and fled.

Contrary to our preconceived notions, the country about Santiago seemed sparse and rough, sustaining merely a scrub vegetation. In three hours of driving I saw only one place where it was possible to get water, and that was water I should

hate to drink. Yet from this turbid brook, more contaminated then than now, our soldiers were obliged to quench their thirst.

El Caney is a tumble-down village of the rudest character, surrounded by uncultivated fields and having a background of barren mountains. The dense thickets of tropical vegetation we read about at the time of the recent war, and saw depicted in the illustrated newspapers, may exist somewhere, but I did not see them. The whole region has a run down look, as well it may, after the many years of fighting.

Also there seemed to be a dearth of population; but such people as we met were bright and friendly. These were confined to a few horsemen on the road and an occasional woman seated upon her own verandah—sometimes blissfully smoking a cigar.

Santiago, itself, is a good deal of a city,

with uncommonly narrow streets, and comfortable residences. Whatever it may have been once as regards municipal cleanliness, it is a model now in that particular. The once rough and dirty alleyways have been transformed by American energy into pavements of smooth asphalt. The shops are gay, the restaurants good, and we caught pleasant glimpses of richly furnished homes. Yellow fever has been banished, other contagious diseases are under close control and rigid quarantine regulations have been established ; so that it is now entitled almost for the first time in its history to be called a healthy town.

After a struggle over the bill of fare at the Venus Café, with slow but not unsatisfactory results, some of us called at the Cuban Club, where we were hospitably received and entertained. This club has palatial quarters, and is a center of national aspiration ; for Santiago, at least, believes strongly in *Cuba libre*.

Seated in these luxurious parlors, listening to the music, and looking out upon the moonlit night, it was hard to realize what swift changes the last few years have brought. This place could hardly have been so restful when Sampson's shells were dropping into the town.

Santiago was so delightfully quaint and pleasant that it was nearly midnight before we took a sailboat back to the ship. The air was cool and the moonlight bright upon the water. Once aboard ship I sat for a long time on deck enjoying the breezes and watching the distant lights of the town.

It is a long sail from Santiago to Havana, and we experienced a good deal of rough weather, especially in the Windward Passage and when rounding Cape Maysi. We were out three nights and two days. About midforenoon of Monday, the third day, we sailed past the Morro, and entered the busy harbor of Havana.

For the first time in this journey we had come to one of the world's great ports, a grand metropolis of commerce, stirring with the hum of active life. Wharves, shipping, warehouses, towers, passing ferry boats, all testified to this fact; but we had no eyes for anything but a tangled, twisted mass of iron that obstructed the middle of the harbor: all that was left of the once gallant Maine.

It is impossible to view this wreckage and not feel the hot blood start and the eyes fill in contemplation of the dastardly act that destroyed a fine ship in time of peace and sent two hundred and fifty-four sleeping men into eternity. May we never cease to Remember the Maine!

Here, at least, it brings a thrill of joy to see the starry banner waving over the town. Poetic justice would not have it otherwise! After that damnable crime, Spain could not, *should* not, retain a foot of dominion in North America.

Everywhere in Havana we salute our flag flaunting gaily in the tropic breeze; and always over public edifices and in the principal thoroughfares. In back streets and over humble buildings once in a while, not often, one sees the flag of the Cuban republic. Evidently the business interests of Havana favor continued American occupation, just as they favored Spanish control. But the Cuban republic will come, for all that.

It is not necessary for Americans to go to Europe in order to see a foreign city. Havana is quite as strange. It is solid in construction, and has plazas, statuary, parks, gardens, markets and churches, all worth visiting. I will not attempt to describe them. The streets, though narrow, are well-paved and clean, but in former times their condition is said to have been far different.

The people one meets are for the most part nicely dressed, with an air of refine-

ment and good-breeding. The school children are neat and tidy; the shopkeepers are polite; and many of their customers are comely and evidently well-to-do. In a word, Havana is a metropolis; with all the metropolitan refinements of culture and society.

On account of the American occupancy of Cuba, one might expect to meet with soldiers at every street corner in Havana; but such is not the case. All branches of business pursue the even tenor of their way; and the cogs of the governmental machinery run noiselessly and without friction. If you wish to see many soldiers you must visit the great camp several miles outside the city, or go to one of the forts.

A boatman will take you across the harbor to Cabanas fortress, and call for you afterwards at Morro Castle. These gigantic fortifications occupy many acres of ground, and are connected by

passageways more or less concealed. To see them properly would occupy hours, perhaps days. They represent an amount of thought and energy that is truly prodigious. Thick and heavy are the walls, and there are tunnels, moats, draw-bridges, loop-holed galleries and underground passageways. But how futile it all was in the hour of need.

The most touching thing in all this barbaric waste of stone is a piece of plain wall, pitted by many bullet marks, where Cuban suspects were lined up and shot by Spanish soldiers. That sort of thing went on for a great many years, and the spot is sacred now to every friend of free Cuba. A big signboard has been set up temporarily, stating that a bronze tablet of equal size is soon to be erected to record the sacrifices of those who perished for the independence of the country.

Before bidding farewell to Havana, a few of us secured boats and went on board

the wreck of the Maine; first securing the necessary permit through the good offices of a military gentleman of our party. No one could thus view this stupendous wreckage and believe it to be aught but wilful, deliberate destruction.

At Havana we said good-bye to islands and began to look forward eagerly toward getting home. The passage north, around Cape Hatteras, was expected to be trying, and several of the passengers decided not to risk the probable discomforts of such a journey; therefore bade us a reluctant farewell. Others wished to visit Florida and make a leisurely trip through the southern states. Altogether, we lost about fifteen of our pleasant company.

Sailing out past Morro Castle, an hour before sunset, we entered upon the last and longest sea-voyage of the trip, a little matter of twelve hundred miles or so. A heavy surf was breaking on the

sea wall, and the beautiful West Indian metropolis never looked more charming. No wonder the Spaniards were loth to give it up.

The weather was hot, and the next day hotter yet, as well as humid and depressing. There were vessels in sight from time to time, and several steamers hull down in the distance. Once we got a glimpse of the Florida coast, near Palm Beach. At eight in the evening there came a thunder storm, and after that a quick fall of temperature.

It grew cold. Awnings came down the following day, and thick clothing took the place of the light garments of the south. Driven inside for the first time we prepared an excellent evening's entertainment in the cabin by volunteer talent.

Our last day at sea was black and threatening, but at some time in the night we had managed to get by Cape Hatteras in a sea so moderate that no one

was in the least disturbed; and thus a bugbear, much dreaded and discussed, passed out of mind. As a further inducement to happiness the ship made a series of wonderful daily runs, and all were delighted at the prospect of getting into New York a day earlier than had been promised. But overcoats, thick wraps and steam heat were not sufficient to keep us warm.

It the gray light of dawn, on the following morn, we passed around Sandy Hook and into New York Bay, which looked quite as busy and almost as dismal as when we had last seen it. The usual scenes of debarkation followed: packing, handshaking, exchanging of cards, and hurried good-byes. Then came the doctor and the customs officers, and presently we found ourselves ashore again, and our cruise in the *Madiana* was at an end.

Such a separation is like the breaking up of a family, and glad though all were

to get back, and eager as most of us felt to press forward to greet the dear ones at home, it was impossible to repress a pang of keen regret that we had reached the place where the friendly companionship of weeks must cease, and that each of us must henceforward take his separate way. Somebody has defined traveling as the saddest of all pleasures, but I am sure that the attachments and pleasant memories of such a journey afford a lasting joy.

APPENDIX.

After the entertainment in the cabin of the Madiana, Thursday evening, March 14, certain original verses read and sung on that occasion were much in request. Here, for the first time, these contributions appear in print. I wish it were possible to present the entire programme of the evening.

THE VOYAGE.

From the snow-lands southward bearing—
Steering forth to one fair Vision :
Knots of palm and hills elysian.

Where the laughing Caribbean
Holds its wealth of tropic islands,
Fields of cane and cloud-capped highlands.

Then the rolling surges sought us,
Smote us with some power gigantic
Of the mighty mid-Atlantic ;

Sent us days of murk and tempest,
Wave-washed decks, and ceaseless motion
Of the ever-restless ocean.

Toward Bermuda ! and the drifting,
Ever-shifting sunlight playing
Over cedarn hills, and straying

The Voyage.

Over roads of matchless whiteness
Into beauteous garden closes
Bright with cardinal birds and roses.

Chill and boisterous though our greeting
Still those turquoise waters dancing
Ever beauteous and entrancing !

Then more days upon the billows
Till St. Croix the green, the glorious,
Rose from out the waves victorious.

Thus Antigua ! Dominica !
Cloud born shadows on the mountains,
Rushing rivers, dashing fountains,

All that riotous wealth of verdure—
Bread-fruit, citrus, isles of palm ;
Gentle seas and tropic calm ;

Martinique and fair St. Lucia !
Onward to Barbados going
With its trade winds ever blowing ;

Sailing, sailing, Southward sailing,
Till the restless seas we gain
Of the unquiet Spanish Main ;

The Voyage.

To that coast line continental,
To that level land, low-lying ;
Turbid waters—vultures flying !

Breadth of sunshine and of shadow
Where the mango blossoms quiver
On the Demerara River ;

Lustrous moonbeams ; nights of glory ;
And the gemmed cross looking down
On the low roofs of the town.

Northward speeds the Madiana
Like a carrier dove returning
To the home-land of its yearning.

Breasting every surge tumultuous,
Every pulse-beat brings us nigher
To the goal of our desire !

Was it all some strange enchantment ?
Were they real, those landscapes tropic,
Or some dream kaleidoscopic ?

N. A. L.

HURRAH FOR THE MADIANA !

AS SUNG BY REV. ARTHUR E. WILSON,
March 14, 1901.

The Madiana was a boat
That sailed from New York Bay.
She carried eighty passengers
All feeling bright and gay.
But when the boat began to toss
They disappeared below,
And all the smiling faces changed
To agony and woe.
“Oh for land, the solid land,” the seasick sufferers cried,
“Why did I leave my happy home for this
dreadful ocean ride?”

But when old Father Neptune smiled
All this was soon forgot ;
And next the burden of their song
Was “Isn’t it awfully hot?”

Hurrah for the Madiana !

Out came the fans and summer hats,

Out came the shirt waist man,

And pallid faces soon took on

The loveliest shades of tan.

"Oh, the sea, the glorious sea," the happy
tourists cried,

"There never was so fine a boat, or so jolly an
ocean ride."

They stopped at all the Carib Isles,

They bought the natives out,

Until a place to put the stuff

Filled every heart with doubt ;

There were beads and fans and shells
and canes,

Bay rum, hats, shoes and hose,

And down in South America

Some yellow suits of clothes,

(Spoken) Not to mention parrots, monkeys,
lizards, turtles, lovebirds, moustache birds,
marmosets, etc., etc.

"Oh, the trip, what a splendid trip," the happy
tourists cried,

"There never was so fine a boat, or so jolly an
ocean ride."

Hurrah for the Madiana !

But by and by a parrot died,

The second followed soon,

The third committed suicide

Beneath the wan, pale moon.

The once gay hours began to drag,

The books were all read through,

They'd talked each other 'most to death,

And had nothing more to do.

"Oh, captain, take us home," the weary tourists
cried,

"We want to read the daily news and end this
ocean ride."

The sturdy captain liked them well,

And to this wish agreed,

And so he headed for New York

At highest rate of speed.

And now they nightly dream, alas !

Of what they're going to do

When the custom officer comes around

To look their baggage through.

"Oh, the duties we all must pay, and the bun-
dles we must tote,

And the dreadful fibs we'll surely tell as soon as
we leave the boat !"

Hurrah for the Madiana !

So here's an end of my story, too long by half it
grew,

But hurrah for the Madiana, her passengers
and her crew !

—*Adèle Barney Wilson.*

[ENCORE—REV. A. E. WILSON.]

Now, friends, on future trips like these, don't
worry, but be more wise,

There's always sure to be some scare, but there's
also an Edwin Ives,

Who'll save our lives by finding out that the
notice is only a hoax.

So let your mind rest on in peace, for wags will
have their jokes.

Oh, vaccination, that great vexation, and all
other troubles beside,

We'll learn this lesson now at least, that all in
the end subside.

